

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 527

Week Ending
APRIL 27, 1929

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

A POOR BOY'S HUNDRED YEARS

See
Page
Seven

PETER PAN FOR THE CHILDREN

A GRACIOUS GIFT FOR A HOSPITAL

Sir J. M. Barrie's Happy
Thought for Little Sufferers

BRINGING HIS WILL INTO FORCE WHILE HE LIVES

For a quarter of a century children
have had a play of their own.

Sir J. M. Barrie's Peter Pan has
gladdened the Christmas holidays of
thousands of young people. Now the
play is to become still more the property
of children, and for another quarter
of a century, we hope, will gladden
still more, for the author has given
all rights in the story and the play
to the suffering children of the nation.

What Peter Pan Will Earn

He has made over all the rights in
Peter Pan to the Hospital for Sick
Children in Great Ormond Street,
London. The play will continue to be
staged each year as usual, but the entire
profits, which are expected to amount
to at least £2000 annually, will go to
the hospital. Sir James Barrie had
intended to make the gift in his will;
he has improved upon his original
intention and has done it now.

The benefaction is both picturesque
and practical. The hospital needs
£1000 a month in new subscriptions to
enable it to carry on its noble work
of curing little sufferers; here is one-
sixth of its yearly needs guaranteed.
Peter is the elfin boy who never grows
up: he is the embodiment of the spirit
of happy, careless, delightful youth.

In his new rôle he will help other
children to grow up; he will earn the
wages that will bring health and joy
to hundreds of stricken Wendies and
Slightlies; he will keep at bay those
pirates of the hospital, the Captain
Hooks and Starkeys, who come clamour-
ing and threatening with their bills and
demands for ready payment.

The Newest Act

The play owes its inspiration to
children, its author tells us. Children
suggested many of the ideas, children
played many of the scenes before ever
these came to be fixed on paper and
adapted for the stage. It is the cry
of unseen children, sad and afflicted by
disease and injury, which has moved
the author to add this newest and most
beautiful act to a precious little play.

Peter Pan first appeared to the
Darlings, searching for the shadow that
he had lost. His bright and joyous
spirit will brood benevolent and cheery
over the hospital which now passes
into his care. But if he loses his
shadow again he must not expect to
find it there. No shadow can rest on
an institution which has Peter Pan
as its fairy godfather.

A Host of Golden Daffodils



Spalding in Lincolnshire is the centre of the English bulb industry, and the fields in the
flat countryside for miles around are at this time of the year ablaze with colour. Here is a
merry party of girls with daffodils they have gathered for market.

THE OLD FIDDLER OF MAYFAIR

THE old blind fiddler with bushy white
hair beneath his broad-brimmed
hat who used to play in the side streets
of Mayfair and Kensington will play
there no more. He is dead.

His name was Alfredo Nardi, and
fifty years ago he was a promising young
fiddler who was known to Liszt and
Tschaikovsky and Massenet. It was his
ambition to be a composer like them. It
seemed as if he might achieve fame.
Then one day a stone thrown in a street
in Italy struck him and blinded him.

Even then he struggled on with his
fiddle and came to England, where he
gave a concert in the Steinway Hall.
But he was growing too old to fight for
success, and though he had private en-

gagements to play his only opportunity
as a public performer came as the blind
fiddler of the streets.

Many heard him and wondered, and
tried to help. Perhaps the Duchess of
York remembers old blind Nardi, be-
cause before she was married she once
spoke to him in Bruton Street and
pressed a coin into his hand.

Others were kindly, and tried to help,
but he was perhaps too old to change.
Then came a day when he was seen no
more. He was ill. He was not without
friends, who made his last days com-
fortable, and perhaps his street-playing
was a solace to one who felt that
while people liked to hear it he had not
been altogether a failure.

THE MANY KIND PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

AND THE FEW CRUEL ONES

A Lancashire Tale of a Dog
and His Best Friend

DOCTOR BETTER THAN HIS WORD

Sometimes a newspaper is put down
with a crackle, and an indignant voice
says "It is enough to make one hate
human nature! After all these years
of so-called progress we still seem to be
no better than savages. I have just
read about a case of the most brutal
cruelty to a helpless animal."

But for every case of cruelty there are
dozens of cases of kindness which never
get into the paper; at all events, not
into the grown-up paper.

There is a Lancashire boy named
Harry Ralphson, of St. Helens, whose
best friend was a tiny dog called Floss.
He is kind person number one. One
day another boy battered the dog's
head with a brick. He is bad person
number one. Perhaps the kindest thing
we can say of him is that he must be
mad as well as bad.

Rescue That Seemed Too Late

Harry rescued his little friend, but it
seemed too late. She was still breathing,
and in such pain that it was cruel to let
her linger. So Harry carried her to
St. Helens Hospital, and asked them to
put the poor dog out of its misery. The
surgeon might have said "We deal
with human beings, not animals," but
instead he promised to put the dog to
sleep for ever. That was kind person
number two.

Harry went off quickly. It was hard
to say good-bye to Floss.

The surgeon was better than his
word. He examined the battered head,
and came to the conclusion that there
was just a chance of saving the dog.
He operated, removed a broken piece of
skull over the brain, and stitched up the
wound. No doubt Sister and Nurse
helped him. They were kind persons
three and four.

When Harry Came Back

By and by Harry came back to
fetch Floss's body for burial. To his
amazement he found her eating a dainty
meal, and when she saw him she wagged
her tail!

Now she is an outpatient, and the
hospital is proud of her progress.

That is a true tale which should
make us think all the better of human
nature. The brutal boy is cancelled by
the kind boy, the kind surgeon, and the
kind nurses.

As the world grows older it grows
kinder, and there is no doubt at all that
one day boys who batter dogs' heads
will be as dead as the magistrates who
burned witches. That day is coming.

BRAINS AT WORK IN THE SEA

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS HARVEST

Knowledge Spreads From More to More About the Ocean Bed THE TWO WONDERFUL BOTTLES

Europe came together in our House of Lords this month to discuss one of the great problems of peace, the food supply that the world can draw from the sea.

France and Germany, the Irish Free State and Italy, Poland and Portugal, Norway and all the countries round the Baltic except Russia, sent their professors and delegates to talk together as to what should be done by this International Council to get the best out of the oceans.

Food Promotes Peace

Fish was what they talked of most, but weather comes from the sea as well as food, and in the future of a world which wants the best of both the deliberations of this Council will rank near to those of Geneva. Good food comes next to godliness in promoting peace.

These nations which met in conference have 70 stations and 30 ships to study life in the sea—the life of the haddock, for example, observed by Scottish professors, or of the cod which the English have in hand; the herring specially noted by Sweden, or the eel and sardine each with a country of scientists to study it.

Improving the Fish Crop

The nations join together to consider the whole chain of life in the sea, from the microscopic things called plankton, on which fish feed, to the largest fishes and the whales, about whose future much is to be said. Vessels go out from many of the 70 stations taking with them very fine nets in which to collect the tiny copepods and the other things grouped as ocean plankton.

From the amounts of these collected and from the depths at which they are found it becomes possible to discover what will be the supply of the food fish (which live on the plankton) at different times and in different places. Good seasons and bad can be predicted. The study of ocean currents adds to this knowledge.

It is hoped that some day, in the same way that a farmer improves his crops by choosing his soils, the crop of plaice, let us say, may be improved by removing the plaice to where they will grow bigger and faster. At present transplantation can be managed. All that remains is to make it pay.

Outcry About Nets

The inquiries that the marine life stations carry out have often been useful in dispelling wrong notions among the fishermen. For example, there was an outcry that the nets of the steam trawlers dragging on the sea bottom were destroying the eggs of the food fishes, but it was proved that except the herring, which lays its eggs among the rocks and stones, the food fishes did not lay their eggs on the bottom at all. It was also shown that the trawlers' nets did not take immature fish.

For the purposes of tracing the ocean currents which influence the migrations of the food fishes a British marine biologist has invented a new kind of double bottle, one within the other like a thermos flask. The outer bottle has a cork which is destroyed by sea water and acid after a given time, so that the bottle sinks. The inner bottle floats on. When a number of these bottles have been set adrift the survivors on some foreign strand tell the general direction of the drift. The other bottles, each of a different life-period, will be picked up by the nets of trawlers from the bottom and will enable the course of the current to be mapped.

THE MISSING HALF OF A POEM

And the Two Halves of a Village

Porlock in Somerset is Porlock no longer. It is Doverhay and Luccombe.

For 650 years it has been divided against itself. One half of Porlock has fought boundary battles against the other half. The boundary line ran down the middle of the village street. It is not possible to say from which half came the "person from Porlock" who disturbed the poet Coleridge while he was composing his poem Kubla Khan. The Porlock person cut the poetic inspiration in half, and the second half was never recovered, so that literature owes Porlock a grudge.

But if we have only one half of Coleridge's poem we have now two halves of Porlock. They have now been established as one by the Ministry of Health. Before that happened the village water-cart was only allowed to water one side of the street. The village charities benefited one side of the street and not the other. The rates were different on opposite sides, and so were the charges for being baptised, married, or buried.

All this came about because in 1279 Baldric de Nonington, Knight, added the village of D'Overey (which is now Doverhay) to his manor of Estlocum (now Luccombe). Now Porlock is Doverhay, and Luccombe stands by itself.

A FATHER

By His Son

Many people will be moved by this eloquent tribute to the founder of the Salvation Army by his son Bramwell Booth, who has lately laid down the reins of control of the great organisation to which he has given his life.

The Salvation Army is my father's life's record. He said of himself "God filled my heart with a passionate love for the souls of men and thus the Salvation Army was born in me."

Wherever Salvationists are filled with the same spirit the Salvation Army will grow and prosper. Two great ideas moved through the consecrated lives of my dear father and mother: their personal knowledge and love of God expressed in their lives for those for whom Christ died, and, secondly, the desire to sacrifice all to win souls. Love of God and man and willingness to sacrifice for others, these are the warp and woof of the Salvation Army spirit, the garment of its praise, the uniform of its workers, the royal clothing of its kings and priests.

I believe history will prove that William Booth was divinely inspired, that he built on a firm foundation that needs no alteration. His work is to be seen not only within the Salvation Army organisation, but in the new spirit of service and sacrifice everywhere manifested toward the unfortunate, the lost and needy, the poor and the outcast, among the peoples of the world.

THE FERTILE SOIL OF THE MIDLANDS

The Editor of the C.N. was very glad to see this tribute to his native Midlands in the Prime Minister's speech at the Salvation Army Centenary the other day.

It is 100 years ago today that William Booth was born in Nottingham, and it is a curious thing to see how that fertile soil of the old Midlands and the West Midlands has produced evangelists.

Epworth gave us John Wesley; from Leicestershire came George Fox; from Gloucestershire George Whitefield; and from Nottingham William Booth, and three of those were raised from the humblest homes.

George Fox was a shoemaker, George Whitefield a bar tender, and Booth a pawnbroker's assistant.

LOST IN A CONTINENT

FOUND ON A MUD-FLAT Strange Adventure of a Trans- Oceanic Aeroplane

FOOD AND FUEL FROM THE AIR

When an aeroplane disappears from knowledge in England the task of discovering it in our small, thickly-populated land is not one of excessive difficulty. When an aeroplane disappears with its crew in an empty continent of three million square miles the task of locating it is a problem indeed.

The difficulty has just been encountered and splendidly mastered in Australia. Two gallant airmen, Kingsford-Smith and Ulm, already famous in connection with Pacific flights, started with two mechanics in the aeroplane Southern Cross to fly from Australia to England, and were lost.

Days Without News

They made a fine flight of a day and a night and then disappeared from public knowledge in the wilds of North Australia. With its expiring energies their wireless sent forth a rough clue as to the area in which they had failed, but the clue was insufficient to guide searchers in so vast an area.

Day after day passed with no sign of the lost craft. It was known that the men were down in terribly inhospitable country, where food and water are scanty and wandering tribes of natives sometimes practise cannibalism.

Aeroplanes were sent off as fast as they could be equipped to search, but a week elapsed with no tidings. The second week of search had almost run its course before news came to relieve the anxiety of Australia and the Motherland. Thus, on the twelfth day, the aeroplane Canberra, piloted by Captain Holden, reported a gratifying success. The Southern Cross was at last espied lying on a mud-flat some thirty miles from Port George, on the Western coast of North Australia.

A Happy Ending

The men were alive; they were well, their aeroplane was unharmed! They had lighted bonfires as signals to catch the eye of searchers in the sky. They were able to collect and enjoy food dropped from the Canberra.

To get them away from their awkward-looking situation it seemed necessary to send a steam launch up the coast, a long and wearisome adventure, but the men of the Southern Cross would not hear of any such ceremonial procedure.

"Drop us petrol and oil and we will fly; we have plenty of room to take off!" they signalled. And so, after a fortnight, an enterprise which had seemed certain to end in disaster had a happy and dashing sequel, and these men, lost in a continent and found hidden on a mud-flat, proved once more that truth is stranger than fiction.

THE PEAKS OF NEW YORK

When the New Yorker returning from Europe next year passes the Statue of Liberty in the harbour he will see an alteration in the city's skyline.

Among its battlemented row of soaring buildings a new peak will have pushed itself up. It will be higher than the Chrysler building which is now going up. It will out-top Woolworth's. It will scrape the sky at 840 feet.

It will have more than 63 storeys (London's tallest has only 14); an observation tower with a ball of cut-glass on top to catch the sun; and at night it will show a light to ships at sea.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Jacobabad . . . Jay-kob-ah-bad
Maori . . . Ma-zo-re
Tschaikowsky . . . Chy-kof-ske

FROM THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Listening-in In Antarctica

"THANK YOU" ACROSS THE EARTH

Though icy blizzards shake to its foundations the camp in the Antarctic which Commander Byrd calls Little America, he knows that he is not forgotten by the old folks at home.

They sent him a wireless concert to cheer him for the loss of the aeroplane the blizzard carried away.

From Forty-Third Street in New York music and speeches travelled for an hour to the drear frozen camp, 12,000 miles away, where the expedition waited. It went at night through space and reached its destination instantly, yet it arrived by day.

Did it cheer the explorers? Listen how Commander Byrd tells the world that it did. He signalled back his thanks to the concert givers by Morse, and this is what he said:

"You perhaps would have to be isolated on a hunk of ice, afloat over 1200 feet of ice water, to understand how comforting it is to have your friendly organisation at the other end."

At the other end of the wireless! A little entertainment goes out by wireless across the Earth, to be heard by listeners all over the United States, in South America, and in a dozen countries besides, and a man in the farthest continent of all hears it and says "Thank you!"

THE WANE OF RAILWAY POWER

Rising Economies and Falling Receipts

British railway companies have made a brave fight to regain their lost traffic.

In spite of the drastic economies of last year, which resulted in a saving of £6,500,000, there was a fall in receipts of nearly two millions.

The surprising fact is that 22 million more passengers were carried last year than in 1927, but this increase was due mainly to excursions. Cheaper fares made the profits small, and a sure sign of the decrease of regular traffic was the drop of £200,000 in the sale of season tickets. Workmen's tickets, however, brought in £200,000 more than in 1927.

Goods traffic showed the most serious decrease. This was partly due to the small amount of coal transported, but happily 1929 has already seen an improvement in this traffic.

THINGS SAID

In the healthy mind conscience is in abeyance. *Professor Stocks*

All County Councils have power to prohibit litter. *Mr. Lawrence Chubb*

We are moving toward a wonderful era of world peace. *Mr. J. D. Beresford*

Let us make peace as magnificent as we have made war. *Miss Winifred James*

It is no longer a question of Shall we have peace? We must have it or perish. *Colonel House*

There are now over 500,000 British schoolboys being taught by women. *Mr. J. A. Brooke*

There are millions of people in this country as superstitious as the natives of Africa. *Sir Arthur Keith*

Our British soldiers died for the Motherland. The German soldiers died for the Fatherland. We live for the Brotherland. *Mr. Dunnico, M.P.*

If you sit down and think how easy it is to smash up society you will be appalled. *Mr. Ramsay MacDonald*

April 27, 1929

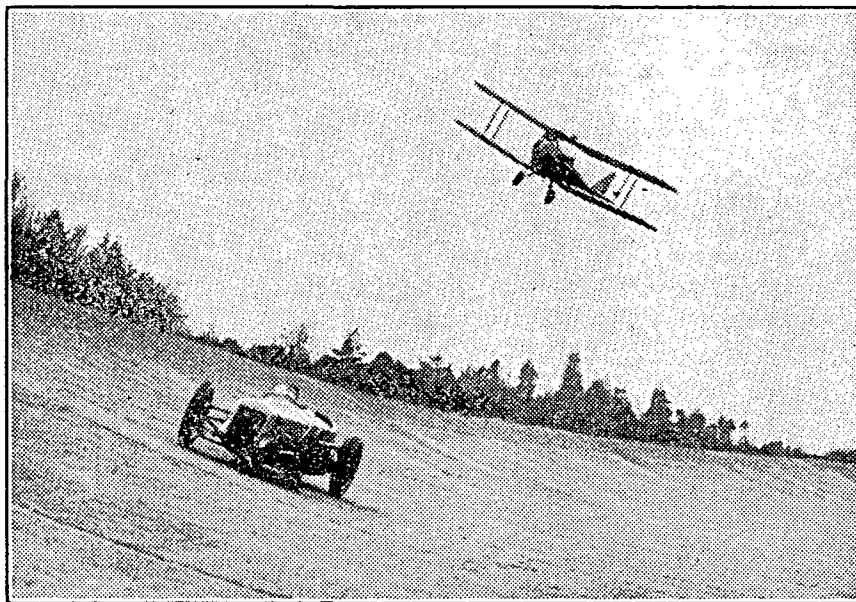
The Children's Newspaper

3

CAR BEATS AN AEROPLANE · CHILDREN'S R.A. · NEW LONDON AERODROME



A Film Actor At Home—At Cheshunt in Hertfordshire a zoo has been established to supply film companies with wild animals. Here is one of the ostriches running round its enclosure.



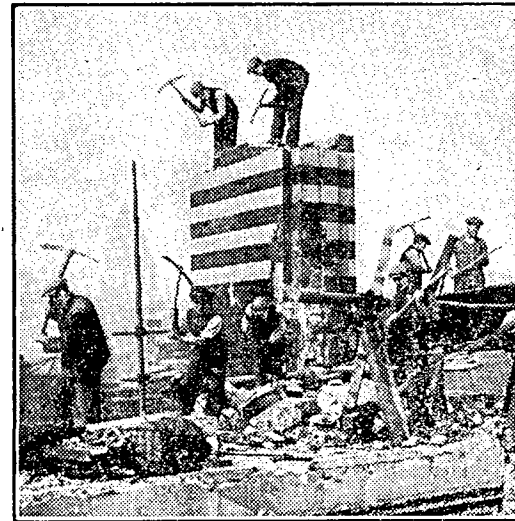
Plane Versus Car—When this interesting race between a car driven by a lady and a light aeroplane flown by a man took place at Brooklands the car was easily first.



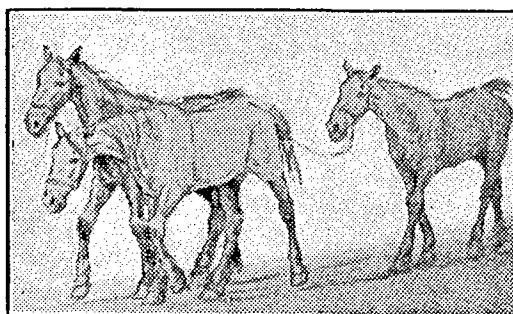
A Portrait of Her Father—Miss Molly Bishop, who is 17, with the portrait of her father which won the Lord Leighton Gold Star at the Royal Drawing Society's exhibition of children's work at the Guildhall, London.



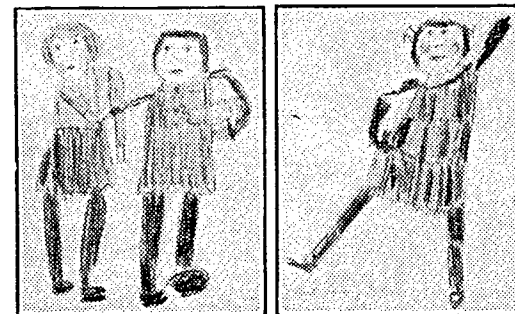
Two Veterans—Peter Duncan, who is eighty-four, is an ardent cyclist, and often goes to his work near Belfast on a 50-year-old tricycle. This curious old machine is steered by the two small wheels.



London Growing Younger—The work of pulling down and building up still goes on apace in London. In this picture we see men at work demolishing the old London County Council building on the Thames Embankment.



The Children's Royal Academy—This splendid study of horses by a 15-year-old girl, Anne Harris, is another exhibit at the Guildhall, London. See page 4.



An Artist of Four—Over ten thousand drawings by boys and girls are in the Royal Drawing Society's show. Here are some sketches by Jean Weir, who is only four.



River Reflections—The yacht-racing season has begun in many parts of Britain. When this beautiful picture was taken at Burnham-on-Crouch the yachtsmen were hoping for a breeze to fill the sails and send their craft scudding along the water.



London's New Aerodrome—London is to have a new air park for private planes and taxis at Hanworth, within twelve miles of Charing Cross. This air view shows, in the centre of the flying-field, the mansion which is to be used as a clubhouse by pilots and others.

A CANNON BALL FROM SPACE

NOTABLE VISITOR TO AFRICA

The Mystery of Fragments of Worlds Hurlled Into Space

50-TON METEORITE

Grootfontein in South-West Africa is keeping up the reputation of Africa for always producing something new. There has just been found in its sterile wastes a meteorite that in some unknown era fell from the sky, and weighs fifty tons.

There are two kinds of these missiles which have been hurled at the Earth, one kind resembling the older igneous rocks and the other containing iron. The Grootfontein meteorite is of the second kind, and seems to have been subjected at some time to such terrific heat that a great part of it has been turned into nickel steel.

The origin of meteors is a mystery. According to one reckoning they may be the debris of the Solar System, primal matter evolved from stuff from which stars and nebulae are being born. Or they may have been cast out by planets not our own, and thus acquire the enormous speed at which they travel; or, again, they may be parts of comets, flung out ahead and from the rear, thousands of miles in extent, and cut periodically by the Earth during her yearly course round the Sun.

Exiles Returning Home

Still more romantic, and not less scientific, is the theory worked out on careful mathematical lines by Sir Robert Bail. To him fireball, meteor, shooting-star, were simply prodigals or exiles returning home to Earth. According to his investigations the Earth, during the eras of frightful volcanic convulsion which shook her, hurled from gigantic craters enormous masses of material. These, passing beyond the gravitational pull of the world, would assume orbits of their own, he thought, in which they have ever since moved, until we have at last crossed their paths and drawn them home again.

There are romance and mystery in every meteor that comes to Earth. No element unknown on Earth is in them. They bring us even diamonds, formed by pure carbon, acted upon by enormous heat and pressure in the flying projectile. There is terror in a meteorite, too. Some astronomers, when they read the story of a ship lost at sea without trace write against the record a verdict in one word: Meteorite!

TEN TIMES BIGGER IN TEN YEARS

Dagenham's Destiny

Old England can still compete with the rest of the world in growing towns. Dagenham in Essex is one of them. In ten years it has sprung from 8000 to 90,000 people; it has grown ten times.

It is the motor-car which has exalted this little place by the side of the Thames Estuary to the position of being the fastest-growing town in England. The motor-car is going to inflate it still more. A model town within a town is to be built there within the next three years which will accommodate 15,000 workpeople and turn out a quarter of a million cars each year to overrun Europe.

Dagenham is no mushroom town. Mushrooms grow up by the side of gold-fields and wither when the gold is gone; but this mushroom is fed by work and will endure.

The Rising Protest Against Hunting

A HEAVY BURDEN ON THE COUNTRYSIDE

How We All Pay for the Pleasure of Those Who Kill Just for Fun

THE COST OF THE GAME OF TEARING A FOX TO PIECES

One thing the hunter and the fox have in common—they both kill for pleasure. As far as the fox is concerned the farmers are now beginning to kill him in earnest.

The movement to stop the damage done to agriculture by hunting grows more and more, and attention has been called to the matter of late by two notable acts. In Wales a parish council in Merioneth has decided to establish a fund from which a grant will be made to every person killing a fox in the district, and in Somerset Mr. Henry Nation has set an example to farmers and landowners by issuing this notice:

I have instructed tenants of my farms at West Hatch and Clatworthy to shoot every fox within range. For the benefit of the country generally it is hoped that all farmers will do the same.

The Farmer's Troubles

Mr. Nation owns some of the best farm land in Somerset, and he has set himself sternly against hunting, not merely on the ground of its cruelty but because of the damage the Hunts do to crops and poultry. Few people have any conception of the difficulties the farmer has to face in hunting districts. Often he is afraid to say anything about it lest he lose his farm, and it has come to be a matter of course that hunting people should have the right to add to the farmer's troubles by trampling his fields and destroying his poultry.

It is part of the creed of every hunting man that farmers approve of hunting, and are keen on the preservation of the foxes which gobble up their chickens. It is true that foxes raid hen roosts and that hunting spoils fences and injures crops, but does not the Hunt make good all damage, besides subscribing liberally to agricultural societies?

That is the hunter's creed. We think our farmers are not quite the men to share it.

Labour in Vain

It is the farmer's business to grow food for the people, whereas foxes and Hunts are destructive of food, and the payment of compensation, even when it is made, does not undo the destruction that has been wrought. Think what it means when 50 fine pullets, carefully reared from the egg and on the point of repaying the care bestowed upon them by becoming good layers in their turn, are destroyed in a night, as they may be. The mere payment of their cash value is no compensation for disappointed hopes and the misery a man must feel at having to begin all his labours over again.

But the compensation is very rarely adequate: it seldom reaches even the cash value at the moment of the creatures destroyed, and if the farmer is not considered to have taken proper precautions to protect his fowls he may get nothing. It is well known that the healthiest and cheapest way of rearing fowls is to let them roam over the fields, but they must be collected and locked up every night of the year because of the foxes, and the foxes often get them even in daylight.

What should we think if shepherds feared to leave their sheep out at night because wolves preserved for a Hunt might get them? There is exactly the same case for exterminating foxes as there was for exterminating wolves.

The injustice to poultry-keepers is by no means the whole of the matter.

There is the expense of guarding the fowls which otherwise might roam free; the loss from inadequate compensation, with its discouragement of enterprise in the rearing of superior breeds; and the general sense that poultry-farming is not the paying thing it ought to be over hundreds of square miles of our best agricultural land. All this means that, apart altogether from injured fences and damaged crops, the nation's supply of poultry and eggs is scarcer and dearer and poorer than it need be but for the selfishness of a small idle class with debased ideas of sport.

Subsidising Cruel Sport

In a year England and Wales produce something like 24 million pounds' worth of poultry and eggs, and import 22 million pounds' worth. It has been authoritatively declared that if there were no foxes three times as much poultry and eggs could be produced at home as are produced today. That is to say, in addition to our present production we could produce more than double the amount we are importing from abroad. Fowls would be kept in every field and eggs would be produced at half the present price. That is a big claim to make, but who can doubt its truth? All the probabilities point to it. What a queer people we are to put up with such a handicap! Why should the nation subsidise this cruel sport of hunting?

Farmers who think it better to destroy foxes than to destroy pullets are told loftily that they are not sportsmen, and rich hunting lords refuse to sit at meat with them. What are we to think of the sportmanship of the men who are prepared to impoverish the countryside in order that they may entertain themselves by tearing little foxes to pieces?

A National Question

The protest of the farmers against hunting is clearly more than justified; it is becoming a national question whether the interests of agriculture are to be overridden for the sake of the pleasures of a small number of rich people who find a delight in killing.

Mr. Henry Nation does not stand by any means alone. Not long ago farmers shot a fox in the territory of the Whaddon Hunt in Buckinghamshire, greatly to the annoyance of the hunters, who preferred to have the creature torn to pieces in their own way. Mrs. Robert Christie has banned hunting over 2000 acres of her land at Marston, Frome, as well as on Brownsea Island, which she owns. Mr. W. A. Clatworthy has forbidden the Devon and Somerset Staghounds to trample his land, adjoining the famous Winsford Hill. Mr. Fred Scott has warned off the Hunts from Northcombe Farm, near Minehead. Mr. Joseph Hodgson of Park Head, Cumberland, has stopped hunting over his land in the very heart of the John Peel country, and lately the Pytchley Hunt has received a note not to trespass on the lands owned or occupied by Mr. S. York of Crick and Winwick.

It remains for the public and for all friends of agriculture to give their warmest support to those who are seeking to guard the interests of our farmers, and the C.N. hopes that an end will soon come to this cruel sport, for the sake of humanity and for the sake of agricultural prosperity as well.

ARTISTS OF TOMORROW

Schoolchildren's R.A.

THOUSANDS OF DRAWINGS AT THE GUILDHALL

"Our R.A. is crowded," a small child was heard to say on entering the Guildhall—"just like the real R.A., Mummy." Then the little one obviously forgot all about crowds of people in the crowds of drawings. That is what everyone does.

It is always an experience to go to a show of children's work, and this, the 40th R.D.S. exhibition, is a big one, including the drawings of boys and girls at home and abroad.

As you go in you get an impression of movement, of vitality, and presently you see that it is the *realness* of thousands of drawings which makes that impression.

The Vital Quality

To all of us a scene or an object means one particular aspect rather than the whole thing. There are very few people with eyes and intelligence sufficiently trained to see the whole thing at once. A child very often seizes the vital quality of a thing—the wetness of water, for instance. There is a study of a river, bridge, and trees on a grey day by a fifteen-year-old which is one of the wettest things we have seen for some time. Then we see the oldness of old horses, the cheekiness of young ones (why were we reminded so often of the small girl's definition of a horse, "A horse is a noble animal, but sometimes he will not do so"?). We also see the faithfulness of dogs. We saw through all the eyes and heads, often badly drawn, of scores of dogs, the dear loyalty of dogs as a class of beings.

Learning to Draw

The same truth could have been said of ducks, birds, elephants, aeroplanes, engines, glasses of flowers, still-life groups—the thousand and one subjects in various divisions that made up the exhibition. The competitors may not have been able to draw accurately; some of the drawing as drawing is very poor, but they have seized on the spirit of a subject, the inwardness of it; and those who can keep this vision clear through the long grind of "learning to draw" are the fortunate ones who will have the world at their feet.

For the others (and there is always an element of sadness in these exhibitions, in that some 10,000 must aspire so that a few may win), it is good to have gone even so far, to have seen so much however haltingly expressed. The world cannot but be more beautiful for it.

Pictures on page 3

THE MAN WHO BLEW UP HOLBORN

It is more than four months since a part of Oxford Street and High Holborn blew up, and the neighbourhood has not yet got over the shock. At any rate, part of the roadway is still up.

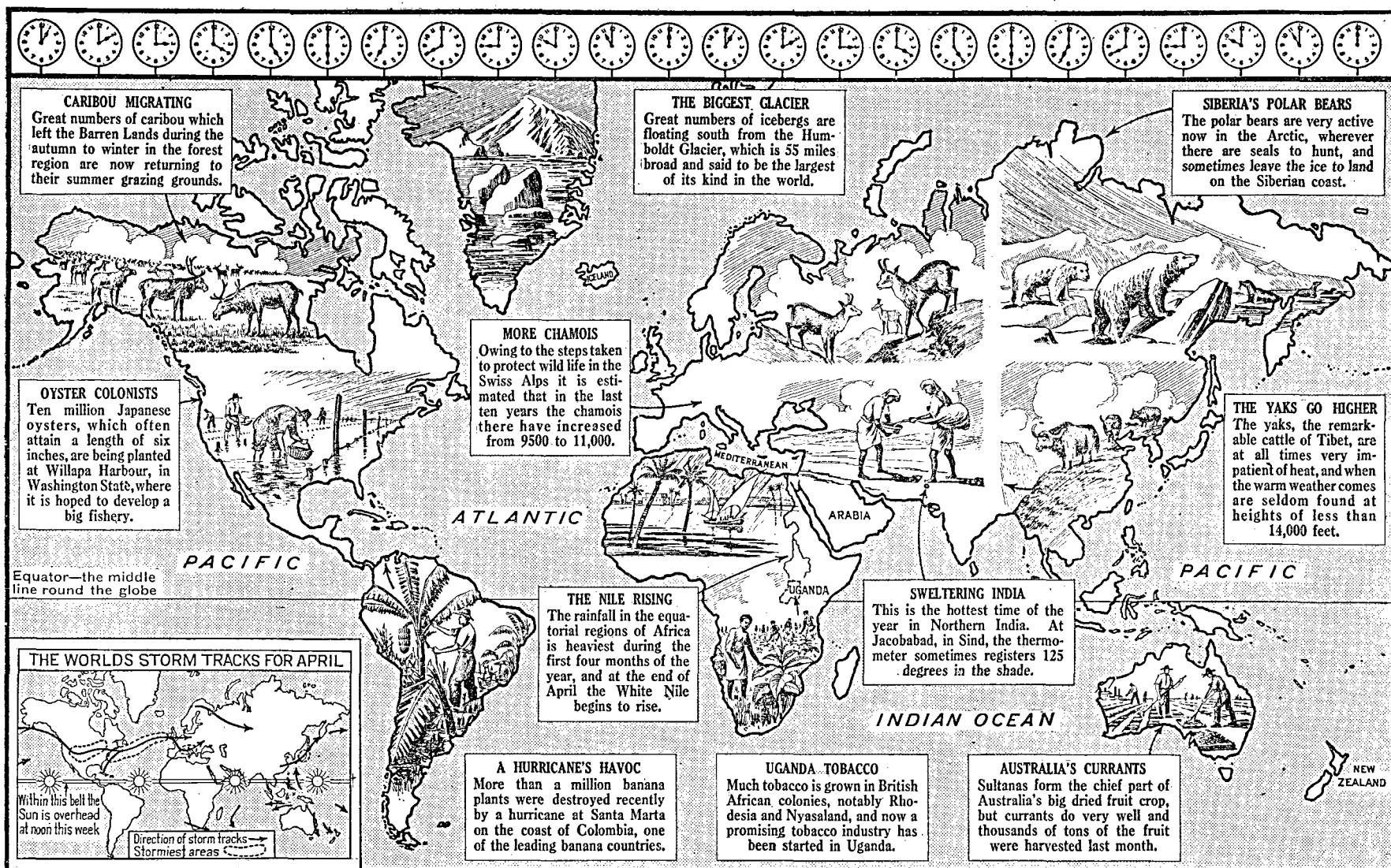
The official report on the explosion has been completed before the repairs. It reassures Londoners, who began to fear, after this explosion and after several bursts of water-mains which followed it, that their city was undermined, and it tells them how this one was caused.

There was a leakage of gas from gas mains. This had accumulated in a man-hole, and it was exploded by the use of a petrol-lighter which a Post Office worker ignited.

Great damage to property was done by the explosion, but only one life was lost. *It was that of the man who caused it all.*

If there were better ways of detecting gas leakages there would be less risk of explosions, and Londoners would sleep more safely in their beds.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE ROPE ON MOUNT KENYA

Dangling in Space for 30 Years

Three Englishmen have lately climbed Mount Kenya.

The mountain has twin peaks, and the highest peak was ascended by Sir Halford Mackinder in 1899, but the peak called Nelion was never conquered till E. E. Shipton, P. Wyn Harris, and G. A. Sommerfelt shook hands on its summit not long ago. Afterwards they ascended the other peak called Batian.

It was a hard and exciting climb over the ice and snow of a great African mountain, but perhaps the most dramatic incident that occurred was the finding of a rope. It hung at a spot of great difficulty, not very far from the point where Sir Halford Mackinder started his great traverse of the Diamond Glacier.

The newcomers made many inquiries afterwards, and proved to their complete satisfaction that this rope was left by Sir Halford, who will, we are sure, be glad to hear that it has been seen again. It was startling to find a man-made thing in that mountain solitude, and more startling to think that it had been hanging there for 30 years.

It looked as if it would fall to pieces if anyone touched it, so they left it alone. How much longer will it hang there, we wonder?

THE UGLY HOARDING

How to Get Rid of It

We are glad to see that a London firm of billposters has been prosecuted and fined for setting up ugly hoardings at Twyford Bridge.

The hoardings were described as hideous monstrosities, and all efforts to get them removed were in vain until the issue of a summons.

The summons was the first of its kind brought before the Wokingham magistrates, who ordered the company to pay two guineas costs.

SPRING AT THE ZOO

Cheering-up All Round

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Spring has been slow to arrive at the Zoo this year, but now that the animals realise that the warm weather is coming the whole atmosphere of the menagerie has become more cheerful.

The mammals look happier and livelier; the birds are thinking about home-building; the creatures that are inclined to hibernate are no longer sleepy; and even the reptiles on the outdoor Rock Garden are beginning to emerge from their secret hiding-places where they have sheltered all the winter.

As soon as these lizards and hardy snakes show they consider our climate no longer to be dreaded the Zoo's little model tortoise enclosure appears again.

This tortoise enclosure looks most attractive; it is also useful and interesting because the animals that live in it are ordinary Algerian tortoises, the tortoises which any of us can buy and keep in a very small garden.

In the Zoo's model enclosure the reptiles are provided with a little wooden hut in which they can shelter and a small sunken pond that they can use for bathing or drinking; but though the tortoises approve of these necessities they are not enthusiastic about them; they need plenty of water, but are quite content if it is given to them in a large flat basin; if they could speak they would tell you that they find a shady plant an excellent shelter.

THE LOWEST RAINFALL

The rainfall in the first three months of this year was the lowest ever recorded, being 2.15 inches in the Thames Valley. The next lowest was nearly 40 years ago—in 1892, when the fall was 2.90 inches.

The standard rainfall for the first three months of the year in this country is about six-and-a-half inches, so that there is a considerable shortage of water.

EVERYMAN'S ANCESTOR

A Farmer Digs Up a Dagger

A Carmarthenshire farmer digging a trench turned up a curious thing which he took to be a dagger.

He sent the curiosity to Dr. Mortimer Wheeler, the Keeper of the London Museum, and his report makes the weapon seem curiousest and curiousest. It is, he says, a dagger or spear head, but it was made from the bone of a wild ox by a prehistoric man, and it is in process of fossilisation.

What a brave creature he was, defending his home from savage beasts and making a living with weapons fashioned from bone and flints! We cannot imagine a world without steel and iron; this man never dreamed of such a world. A schoolboy's penknife would have been worth a king's ransom in his day; by a strange chance his little bone weapon is precious in our day.

Now its use is over, but its romance remains. As the barons hung the armour of their ancestors on their walls in memory of their courage, so we put prehistoric weapons in our museums, for Everyman has ancestors who were brave in prehistoric days.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS DOES A KIND THING

There is a woman in England today who is more grateful for the invention of flying machines than anyone else in this island.

She went to Switzerland for the winter sports and received severe injuries in an accident. Like most sick people, she longed to be home, surrounded by friends and kindred, but it was out of the question that she should make the journey by train and boat.

Imperial Airways, on hearing of her plight, turned an air-liner into an ambulance and conveyed her from Switzerland to London in seven hours. That included an hour's halt in Paris. Land and sea travel would have taken about 24 hours.

THE KAFFIR WIRELESS

News on the Veld

AN OLD MAN REMEMBERS A STORY

At 77 Mr. Abel Chapman has produced a new book about birds, beasts, and fishes.

Perhaps he is so vigorous at that age because he has spent his whole life in the open air. He is the Northumbrian squire whose books won the admiration of Theodore Roosevelt and F. C. Selous, and he is the man who proved that there are wild camels in Spain, and last, but not least, he is the man to whom South Africa owes the magnificent sanctuary called the Kruger National Park, where the fast-vanishing creatures of the Transvaal have found refuge.

Of course a man who can look back on 77 years with intelligence must have many interesting things to say, but none of Mr. Chapman's stories is more intriguing than the tale of what befell him one summer evening in 1899. He was encamped on the Ma Voomzie River, in the heart of the Bush veld, without a soul within 100 miles so far as he knew. One of the Kaffir hunters with him calmly announced that the "Great Indaba" at Bloemfontein had been broken off, and the English were going to fight the Boers.

Mr. Chapman noted that old prophecy down in his diary with the other events of the day. When at last he regained touch with civilisation he found that the conference between President Kruger and Lord Milner had actually broken down on the day that the Kaffir made his announcement.

Arctic explorers have told how Eskimos sometimes know what is happening miles away. This strange knowledge of theirs is often referred to as Eskimo Wireless.

There must be some explanation of these mysteries and what that explanation is we shall probably discover one day.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 27

1929

Head Winds

BIRDS usually rise from the ground with their heads toward the wind. If there is no wind they may often be seen springing or running to gain the impetus for rising.

Long-winged birds cannot rise without a wind unless they have room to run. Their help comes in facing the wind. They find support where we might suppose they would find impediment. So there is something to be said in favour of head winds.

What is true of birds is also true of ships. Shackleton said that when his ship the *Endurance* was tugged out of the calm waters of the Australian port where she had been fitted out for her Antarctic expedition she resembled a sulky child being led to school. The sailors were not favourably impressed by her performance.

Presently the tug returned and the ship was on her own. The weather began to bluster, the waves rose to great and threatening heights. But the ship rose to the occasion. She faced the waves and rode them like a queen.

The sailors marvelled and were proud. It was as though she had found a tonic in wind and wave. Under that challenge she showed the stuff she was made of.

It is an exhilarating thing to see a bird or a ship or a man rising to the challenge of a contrary wind. Human nature is often at its best under such conditions.

Of a certain Lord Chancellor of England it was said that he spoke much better in the House of Commons than ever afterwards in the House of Lords. The Lower House roused him to an energetic style that was not needed in the Upper House, where he and his friends had all their own way. In the Commons he was confronted by a crowd of adversaries, and put forth all his powers to overcome them.

All great leaders have something of the spirit that rises to the challenge of a head wind. They grow in daring as the opposition grows. It was so with Luther. Beginning with a local and low-voiced protest, as the threatenings gathered in intensity he defied the Papacy itself. So the spirit of Whittier and Lloyd Garrison rose to meet the opposition in the Slavery Crusade. They responded to the challenge of the opposing wind. It roused all the dormant forces of their nature. Earth has no finer sight than to see men thus making headway through the storm to their cherished goal.

To fear to spread our wings for fear of the wind is to miss the exhilaration of life. It is by facing head winds that men discover its challenging helpfulness and come to their greatest triumphs.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Haunting Loveliness of Our Countryside

I TAKE with me only happy memories, not the least among them of your countryside. Its haunting loveliness will come back to me again and again in quiet moments, and will call up from the depths of recollection fragrant and happy memories.

American Ambassador on Leaving England

To the Next Chancellor of the Exchequer

WE very much regret that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has missed another great opportunity.

The poor whisky men are advertising that they are being taxed out of existence. A good job too. Might not the Chancellor have taken the hint and taxed a few other ugly things? It seems to us that it would be admirable for a committee in every town to draw up a list of ugly things which might be taxed.

A tax on every Aunt Sally, on every jerry-built bungalow, on every ugly hoarding, would be one of the best things that could be done for us all. It would be bound to have one of two effects. Either it would yield a considerable revenue for the Treasury or it would bring about a great improvement to our countryside.

We do not know who the next chancellor will be, but we commend the idea to all who are hoping.

101

For a hundredth birthday poem commend us to that of Lady Noble, widow of the explosives expert who died in the first year of the war.

Lady Noble loves poetry and music more than dynamite, and though she has just celebrated her first birthday we believe she still spends many hours playing at her organ.

The poem we are thinking about was telegraphed to her on her hundredth birthday last year by Mr. E. V. Lucas. This was it:

Dear Lady Noble, may you live,
Encased by care and love,
As long as you desire to do,
And then resume above.

Lady Noble was equal to the occasion. This was her reply:

In days of yore twas deemed a shame
A lady's date or age to name;
But this distinction now I claim,
My only path to future fame.

The gifts and graces of the mind
Attributed by friends so kind,
In me—alas—I fail to find;
But thank you all, sweet souls so blind.
At lengthened years I can't rebel,
Because of them I have to tell
Tributes my vanity to swell,
And witty rhymes from E.V.L.

Everywhere

There's nothing in the world, I know,
That can escape from love,
For every depth it goes below,
And every height above.

The Last Salute

A BRITISH spectator of Marshal Foch's funeral procession tells of a beautiful incident unrecorded by the newspapers.

The streets were empty, and two lines of soldiers were drawn up on each side, waiting for the great soldier to pass by for the last time. Presently there appeared from a side street a small and very humble hearse followed by five or six poor people on foot. It passed down the Rue de Rivoli, and from his balcony the spectator saw how at every point the troops gave the military salute.

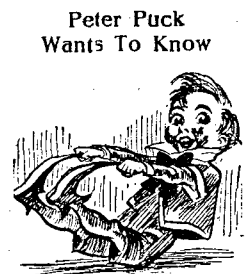
Nothing, he says, would have pleased Foch more than that someone so poor and humble as this unknown man should share the honours of his great funeral.

Tip-Cat

A CRITIC wonders what is wrong with modern artists. And artists wonder what is wrong with modern critics.

THE modern world belongs to the half-educated. Who kindly allow the others to go on living in it.

PEOPLE who like the country are ruining it with cheap bungalows. If they had dear ones they would ruin themselves.



If bootmakers work by foot rules

ingly. Give me your English climate. Can't he take the air without taking it away with him?

SOME ladies in India have to go a thousand miles to get their hair shingled. Too long for a short cut.

ONE of the new M.P.s is a dentist. There will be scenes in the House if he starts showing his teeth.

To Those About to Vote

HERE are two facts that should be known wherever there is a polling booth.

We pay twopence-half-penny a minute towards the League of Nations.

We spend Two Hundred Pounds a minute on armaments.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OVER 500 acres of land have now been given to the Playing Fields Association.

BETTING has been prohibited by Parliament in the Isle of Man.

THE Foundling Hospital site has been saved by Lord Rothermere as a children's playground.

The Prisoners

Some members of the French Legion have taken home from London little cages of chaffinches which they won by throwing hoops at an English fair.

The C.N. much regrets that Parliament does not care about such cruel things.

Now, now that spring has gilt the vane,
His besom's in the dusty street,
His flambeau's lit in every pane,
What is it murmurs Tweet, tweet;
tweet?

The little ghost of a free bird,
That cries, and cries, and is not heard.

I CAN'T get out! I can't get out!
What is it crying in the dark
With all the gay spring world about?

It is the linnet and the lark,
The goldfinch in so straight a cage,
That sets all Heaven in a rage.

THESE cannot stretch their lovely wings,
Oh, not for these the dawns, the eves,
In which the wild-heart blackbird sings,
And nests are hidden in new leaves.

"I can't get out," and no one hears
The broken heart behind the bars.

TWEET! Tweet! If one should come in love,
Ope prison doors and set them free,
Angels would clap their wings above,
Rejoicing in such liberty.
Alack, alas! in the dark gloom
They break their hearts and none will come. Katharine Tynan

Can He Live It Down?

CAN he live it down, or will he go big game shooting in Africa?

We refer to the King's Equerry of course. He sent a letter to the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers which began:

I am commanded by the King to sincerely thank you.

No doubt he realised his frightful blunder he had made when it was too late. With perspiration starting on his brow he must have telephoned to the Postmaster-General begging him to get the letter back. But of course that would have been illegal, and the P.M.G. stuck to his guns. "Even to save a fellow-man from social ostracism and political ruin," the P.M.G. must have said, "I cannot waver from the course of duty. A letter once posted belongs to the addressee."

So the fatal note went to its destination bearing its split infinitive; bearing it, moreover, to a conference of schoolmasters!

The poor man will never be able to lift his head again. An outcast from society he will slip down and down, drinking strong tea, growing careless of the colour of his ties, until at last he reaches the level of the notorious pirate Captain Hook, whose terrible oath was ever, you remember, *Split my infinitives!*

A POOR BOY'S HUNDRED YEARS THE WONDERFUL FAME OF WILLIAM BOOTH

The Evangelist of the Miserable
All Over the World

THE GOOD FORTUNE OF A BAD CHANCE

Just a hundred years ago there was born in a mean Nottingham street a child destined to make more unhappy people happy than anyone else of his generation.

William Booth was his name. He was nicknamed Wilful Will in his youth, and in his age the world called him General Booth of the Salvation Army.

His childhood was as sad as a rainy day in a sooty backyard. There was so much gloom at home that he was driven to find his fun in the streets, where he became ringleader of a band of boys who called him the Captain.

Good-Bye to His Father

His father was born poor, but with a longing to be rich. He made enough money to set up as a builder, buy property, and live in rather a grand style. But he was ruined, and died of heart-break. One night William was called from his sleep to say good-bye to his father.

Mrs. Booth tried to make a living by opening a shop where she sold cotton and tape and such odds and ends. She was oppressed by the thought of how the family had come down in the world, and people were half afraid of the silent woman with the tragic face.

Working for a Pawnbroker

William, the only boy of four children, had been told that his father would make a gentleman of him, but at 13 he was sent to work for a pawnbroker. Every day he saw the poorest and lowest sort of people, every day he heard tales of hardship and want.

He thought about it till one thing became very clear: most of the unhappiness in the world came from badness. What was the cure for the selfishness that made the world full of sorrow? At 15 William Booth quietly decided that there was no cure but the love of God and man.

He had a friendship, like the friendship of David and Jonathan, for a youth who was doomed to die of consumption; but before he died this lad started street meetings in the Nottingham slums and made shy William Booth join in the hymns. At last William found that he must speak too.

His First Sermon

He was 17 then, a tall, pale boy with flashing black eyes. Someone who remembered that first sermon 70 years later said it was given in a tiny cottage in Kid Street. It was such a strange sermon for a young man to preach, the women thought. He described a baby learning to walk, and asked if a mother would scold it for stumbling? He said it was hard to live a Christian life, and we ought not to judge the stumblers but to run and help them.

Another time the same hearer listened to him preaching in the street to a sullen group of men, asking them if there was a child at home cold and hungry because they had wasted their wages. That was a fiery sermon, not like the tender sermon preached in the cottage, and William Booth's whole character can be guessed from the two.

At last he gave up the pawnbroker's shop and determined to be a preacher, even if he starved. He became a minister in a chapel, but in the end he found that the worst people were afraid of churches and chapels, and of course it was the worst people he wanted to reach.

So he created a new thing, the Salvation Army. Few people realise that this great organisation was founded, not in the flush of his youthful strength,

A QUERY ABOUT ANIMALS

A CORRESPONDENT who is interested in our stories of animals' capacities suggests that we might say something about their limitations as well as their abilities. For instance, he says, the homing pigeon's flights are wonderful, but the pigeon only flies one way, homeward. You cannot send it out.

That is so, but the migrating bird goes both ways. And the dog can be trained to go forth to places at some distance to find particular people or animals, and to fulfil some distinct purpose with them.

Our correspondent points out that animals can only hunt and seek food;

they cannot prepare or create it. But how about bees and ants?

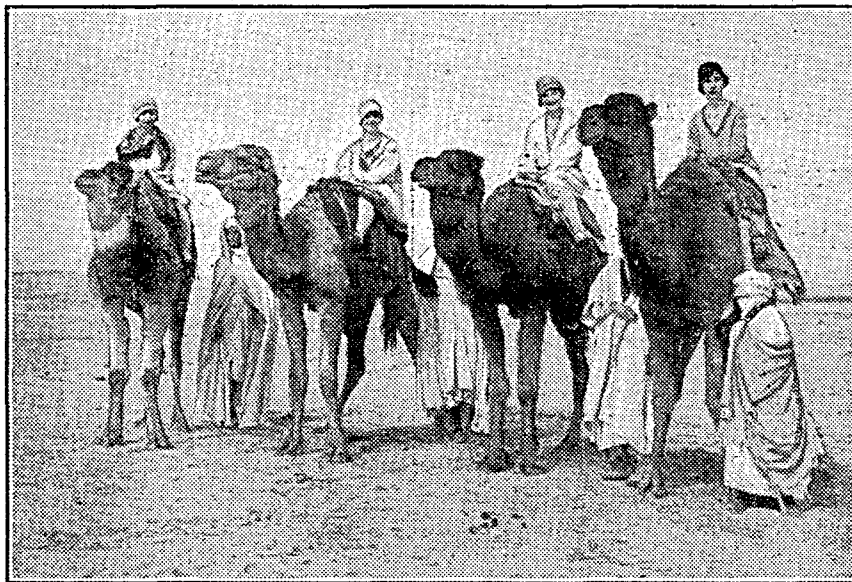
Animals and birds, he says, are merely evolutionary experiments that have failed. But that is not so. In their own form of creation they have rather attained a state very near to perfection, as with the ant and the bee and the bird in its flight and its nest-building.

Where our correspondent is wrong is in judging animal life from the standpoint of man instead of from its own standpoint. It has not his mental powers, or hopes, or fears, or aspirations, yet animal-lovers are prone to judge the animal kingdom as if it has these powers.

A PEEP AT THE SAHARA



A party in Algeria preparing for an excursion into the desert



All ready to set off

The North African coast is growing in popularity with British holiday-makers, for there, within a comparatively short distance of England, they can enjoy such unaccustomed thrills as camel rides in the Sahara. Motor-cars are preferred, however, by tourists who are travelling from one comfortable hotel to another.

Continued from the previous column

but in his fiftieth year, and when his health had gone. Into the slums it came, flags flying, drums beating, tambourines ringing, to tell the bad people. "Goodness is not something dull and stuffy. Goodness is happiness!" Too many hymn tunes are dismal, so William Booth made his followers sing hymns to the tunes of popular songs. "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?" he asked.

At first the Salvation Army had bitter enemies. Its meetings were broken up by bullies, and the processions were pelted with stones and refuse. But, inspired by the wonderful characters of William and Catherine Booth, the soldiers withstood all persecution. Gradually the world saw that they really were making bad people good and sad people happy. They were feeding starving men, scrubbing dirty homes, and clothing ragged children too. Rich people started to give to the poor through the Salvation Army, and it spread over the whole world. Wherever there were slums the Army flag appeared.

Wherever there was need the Salvation Army came to the rescue with some practical plan for helping the sufferers to help themselves.

Then, in his old age, when his beloved wife was dead and he was stricken blind, kings and princes paid tribute to William Booth, Oxford honoured him, and he received the Freedom of the City of London. But when he lay on his death-bed he was not thinking of these things. "Promise me," he demanded of his son, "promise me to care for the homeless. I am not thinking of this country only, but of all lands. Look after the homeless."

So he died at 83, still full of the pity that had touched his heart at 15, and still certain that only love could save the world. On the night of his death thousands were praying for him in shelters and homes who would have been sleeping in prisons or on doorsteps but for William Booth.

If his father had prospered, and if William Booth had had a better chance in life, what a tragedy it would have been for the whole world!

HOME OF A GREAT HERO

DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S HOUSE FOR THE PEOPLE

Scotland Gives the World a
New Place of Pilgrimage

AFRICA'S GREATEST PIONEER

It is expected that early in the coming summer the house in which David Livingstone was born at Blantyre in Lanarkshire will be opened as a museum illustrating his life's work while the ten acres of ground around it will have been prepared for the use of excursions and Sunday-school outings.

Of the £12,000 asked for to complete this lasting and most suitable memorial £8500 has been received.

The Honour of the World

The honour of Scotland, of Christianity everywhere, and of the whole modern world is in pledge to perfect this enterprise, for David Livingstone was unquestionably one of the greatest, most heroic, and most influential men who have ever lived. Good, pure, brave, indomitable, inspired by lofty aims, a simple, plain man who won the hearts of all who knew him, whether they were civilised or uncivilised, he lived a life of amazing toil and died a glorious death for Africa; and the change from the Africa he knew to the Africa of today in the regions where he laboured, is more wonderful than any other piece of modern history.

When David Livingstone went to south Central Africa at the age of 27 there was scarcely a name on its map. It was unknown. When he died at the age of 60, in 1873, there were very few names on the map of that region except those he had placed there through his pioneering, and the horrible slavery he had revealed to the outer world was still in a large degree rampant.

Livingstone's Supreme Memorial

But such was the influence of his character on the downtrodden races among whom he appeared as the first white man they had known and such was his appeal to the white world that missionaries and Governments and pioneers concentrated on the Dark Continent, and now there is no part of the Africa which Livingstone revealed that is not open to the world and under some degree of enlightened control. There is scarcely a single district in the seemingly hopeless recesses of Africa into which he adventured from which the C.N. does not receive letters, Livingstone's supreme memorial is the Central Africa that now is compared with the region as he found it.

And the man who set this mighty work afoot and has left a lasting fame throughout that once hopeless region was as a boy of ten a busy worker in a cotton mill at Blantyre. Only by the sternest industry and study had the mill-boy at ten educated himself till at 25 he was an accepted missionary candidate, and at 27 had become a fully qualified doctor.

A Romance of Sacrifice

His whole life was a constant romance of sacrifice, and the close of his story, from his death on his knees in his tent in the African wilds to his burial in Westminster Abbey, "borne by faithful hands over land and sea," has an unparalleled beauty.

In the house where he was born that story will now be pictured for Scotland to rehearse it. Memorials of his youth will be on the upper floor, relics of his African journeys on the first floor, and eight groups of coloured sculpture tableaux, one of them presented by the tribe of King Khama.

The opportunity is still open of contributing to what ought to be a lasting place of pilgrimage, for Scotland and all who seek her scenes of beauty or renown.

Pictures on page 9

LONDON'S DARK BEAUTY

THE SOLID MASS OF GRANITE

A New Sight for All to See
Near Oxford Circus

PASSERS-BY PLEASE LOOK

London is a place of surprises to which the Londoner becomes extraordinarily indifferent; but the most indifferent must be aware of London's new surprise, the polished black granite building in Great Marlborough Street.

It is a tall, narrow building with a gold festoon frieze, gold casements, and bright doors, and its lines are so smooth and unbroken that it might seem to be one solid gigantic mass of granite and not a house at all. Standing opposite Liberty's Tudor House it looks like the sides of a man-of-war which happens to be berthed close by a galleon.

A Study in Tones

This black granite house is a most interesting and arresting piece of work. Even the most casual passer-by must notice it. We suspect that on a wet day, when that shining mass is reflected in the wet road, the black granite house will make a study in tones that might drive an artist to frenzy.

We do not suggest that London should be filled with black granite houses, but in this building we are interested for many reasons. It is in itself a courageous act. In its way it is a great work of art, simple and severe in line. Had the granite been carved up and "messed about" as artists say, the building would have been intolerable, like a huge mausoleum, or like some of the gaudy tombs which ruin too many cathedrals. But this mass is simple and beautiful.

It will surely make people think. Architecture in London is taken for granted in a most deplorable way. One might even assume that people went about like the Man with the Muck Rake, intent on the ground, so little do they see of their surroundings.

The Brave Gold Frieze

This building will be talked about, denounced, admired; but it will not pass unnoticed. And the people who see it are bound to lift their eyes (even those whose eyes are lost in their hats) and look at the upper lines, because that brave gold frieze catches and draws the eye. So perhaps the idle passer-by may think for five minutes about skylines, and if he happens to lift up his eyes when the Sun is westering he may think for five minutes about the sheer radiance of colour and light.

There have, of course, been artists at work here. The building, which is to hold the London showrooms and offices of the National Radiator Company, has been planned by Mr. Raymond Hood and Mr. Gordon Jeeves. The decorations, in gilt and enamel, have been done by Birmingham artists. It is said that the building is to be flood-lighted at night in various colours, but, without having seen that effect, we prefer to think of the gentle light of day on this new London wonder.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Book printed by Caxton.	£2900
1st edition A Tale of Two Cities	£1300
MS. of Charles Lamb	£1250
18th-century book of maps	£800
MS. of Shelley	£700
Earliest known Dickens MS. . . .	£580
1st. ed. Boswell's Johnson	£440

THE BLACKFELLOW AND HIS BOOMERANG

Known in Ancient Egypt

DID TUTANKHAMEN USE IT WHEN OUT HUNTING?

It has always ranked as a marvel of the feats of untutored mankind that the Blackfellow of Australia should invent the boomerang.

Half a century ago astonishment was created by the report of an explorer that ancient Egypt also had the boomerang, and confirmation of this surprising story is forthcoming from the relics of Tutankhamen's tomb which have now reached Cairo. Among them are unmistakable boomerangs which scientists believe were used by Tutankhamen in hunting.

Parallel Development

It is a very queer example of what is known as parallel development in different parts of the world and possibly in different ages. Who the Australians were originally is not definitely known. They reached Australia after a great sea voyage in boats which must have been as efficient as those in which the daring Maoris made their thrilling journey from Polynesia. They took with them a domesticated dog whose descendants survive in the dingo, and they took with them this most wonderful of native weapons, the boomerang.

The boomerang, when thrown by the native, hits an object and returns to the hand of the thrower. It is so extraordinary a weapon, and so astonishing in its performance, that civilisation was glad to borrow it as a model. Without the boomerang there would probably be no aeroplanes and probably no airships.

Perhaps accident, followed by intelligent observation, gave the first user his idea for this weapon. It seems impossible that an untutored mind could have thought out such a contrivance.

In India and America

Other types of boomerangs have actually been found in the hands of people far removed from Australia and Egypt. They have astonished observers in India and in parts of America. The sickle-shaped boomerang which has given the Blackfellow his fame seems peculiar to Australia, but the singular thing is that boomerangs, once regarded simply as throwing sticks, are known to have the power of returning to the thrower.

A Blackfellow can make his boomerang return from a distance of 150 yards, circling as many as five times before reaching him; and the "throwing stick" can be made to return in a straight line to the hand of its native wielder. Probably the boomerang of Tutankhamen acted similarly.

LONDON'S DAILY RIDES

Three Times As Many As in 1900

The present generation of Londoners makes three times as many Tube, tram, or bus journeys as the generation before it.

Lord Ashfield, chairman of the Underground, says that in 1901 the average number of journeys in the year for every man, woman, and child was 156 as against 510 journeys last year.

People are living farther and farther out, but there is a limit, he says, to the time they will spend in riding. That is why there is such great demand for more Tube railways. The average speed of a London omnibus is nine miles an hour and of a London County Council tram which does not go into the most crowded streets ten miles an hour. The local trains in the Tube railways average 18 miles and the non-stop trains 24 miles an hour. So we want more Tubes.

But to make a Tube costs £870,000 a mile. That is why it is proposed to pool all the kinds of transport in London, so that the less costly shall help to provide the capital for the more costly kinds.

TIME AND CHANCE

Restoring an Ancient Queen

THE MEMORY OF HATSHEPSUT

Queen Hatshepsut of Egypt, after 33 centuries of oblivion, has been restored to her rightful place by archaeologists of a world, the Western world, that Egypt and Hatshepsut never knew.

The Americans have dug up her broken monuments with as much zeal as they cut the Panama Canal. They have removed 100,000 tons of rubbish in two years to lay bare Queen Hatshepsut's granite sphinxes and other sculptured archaic figures of Egyptian art.

Queen Hatshepsut was a great and masterful woman, a Queen Elizabeth of her day, which was in the fourteenth century before Christ. She restored the power and finances of Egypt, she built a great temple and filled it with masterpieces, and in order to keep her power she married her nephew.

A Mean Revenge

When she died the nephew, Thothmes the Third, who had been too long overshadowed by his powerful wife, took a mean revenge. He struck out Hatshepsut's name from the monuments. He broke up all her statuary and flung it into a disused quarry.

For all these hundreds of years the rubbish of Egypt has been completing the defacement of Hatshepsut's work, the obliteration of her memory. Now the Americans come and restore both to their ancient place. Truly of queens and kings, pharaohs and princes—Time and Chance happeneth to them all!

CARS AND PLANES

The League and the Frontiers

By Our League Correspondent

More facilities for motorists driving their cars across frontiers are being promoted by the League of Nations.

The Transit and Communications Committee, which has already provided so many boons for travellers, held a session in March and pushed its work a stage farther. Its present effort for the benefit of motorists is to persuade States to make arrangements with each other for reducing customs duties. The sums which have to be paid for taking a car across a border are often very high and are a serious hindrance to motor travel.

Air travel is also on the programme of this committee, and in a few months a special meeting is to be held for co-operation between civil air services and international air navigation.

The possibility of a special aerodrome for the League and aeroplane services in times of crisis is being studied, as well as arrangements for flying over different countries. Aeroplanes in the service of the League would have to bear distinctive marks, and all such matters need a great deal of very careful consideration.

A SAVING ALL ROUND

We have been delighted to see that Rowntrees have struck a blow at what seems to us a quite unnecessary waste in the business of which they have made themselves kings.

Why should our chocolates be wrapped up in expensive gold and silver paper? We have always preferred to pay for chocolates rather than for paper, and we understand that the experiment of dispensing with unnecessary wrappings and elaborate decorations, and reducing the price of chocolates accordingly, has been a very great success.

We are sure it must be, and it is an excellent example of a very proper economy in hard times.

THE PEOPLE'S OWN INSURANCE

The Dole That is Not a Dole

WHAT HAS BEEN SPENT SINCE THE ARMISTICE

We often hear people say that the money spent by the Government to support the unemployed should have been spent as wages on useful public works.

The C.N. has always held that more should have been done to provide employment, but it is clear that the Insurance Fund itself could not have been used for this purpose. At our request the Director of Statistics at the Ministry of Labour has been good enough to supply the C.N. with the actual figures of the expenditure on unemployment insurance from the Armistice up to the end of last year.

Whence the Millions Have Come

It is a tremendous figure, totalling over 407 million pounds, but two-thirds of the whole, 265 million pounds, has not been supplied by the Government at all. The employers of the country have contributed nearly 142 millions and the employed workers 123 millions. The Government has contributed as its share only about 95 millions, in addition to a loan of 31 millions (which will have to be repaid by the Fund Treasury in more prosperous times), making the total found by the Government 126 millions. There was also a balance in hand of some 16 millions jointly subscribed by employers, workers, and Government before the Armistice.

We see, therefore, that the sum of £407,000,000 paid as insurance since the Armistice has been subscribed in this way:

Employers	£142,000,000
Workers	£123,000,000
Government	£95,000,000
Balance and loan	£47,000,000

We can see from these figures how just is the protest of the workers against payments from this fund being called a dole when two-thirds of it comes from moneys subscribed by themselves and their employers out of the proceeds of their works.

The C.N. has often pointed out that very few of our unemployed are either unemployable or permanently out of work. The vast majority of them have been unemployed only a little while and have contributed to the building-up of the fund. They are not a standing army, but a constantly changing one.

WISDOM WHILE YOU CALL

A Floating University

One of the latest additions to the many forms of education tried in the United States, as C.N. readers know, is the university that floats round the world with students who learn as they travel.

Each cruise lasts eight months of the year, and four cruises in four years are expected to qualify the student for taking either a Bachelor of Arts degree or the degree of Bachelor of World Affairs. The course may be broken into two years at a college ashore and two years of cruising.

The Bachelor of World Affairs degree is a preparation for consular or diplomatic service or for other work abroad. Students who do not sit for a degree may receive a certificate of experience.

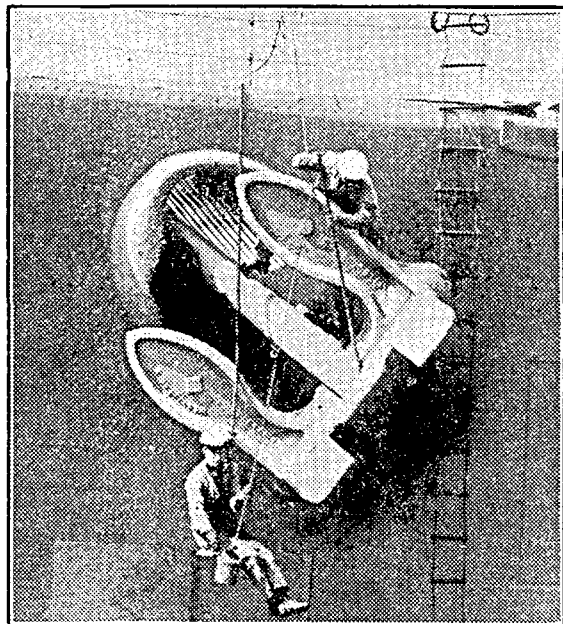
Favourable reports are said to have been received from Cuba, Hawaii, Japan, China, and Siam as to "the inquisitive students who are combining classroom knowledge and close contact with the modern world."

The degree of Master of Arts requires another year of "intensive study at a qualified university library either in the United States or Europe."

THE OBSTACLE RACE • PAINTING A GIANT ANCHOR • LIVINGSTONE MUSEUM



The Obstacle Race—At every athletic meeting the obstacle race is one of the most popular events with competitors and spectators alike. Here are incidents from two obstacle races held in Kent. On the left cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich are climbing under and over an arrangement of scaffold poles which makes a very difficult obstacle to negotiate quickly. A scaffold pole proved a serious stumbling-block to many students of Swanley Horticultural College who, as seen on the right, were required to walk along a greasy pole.



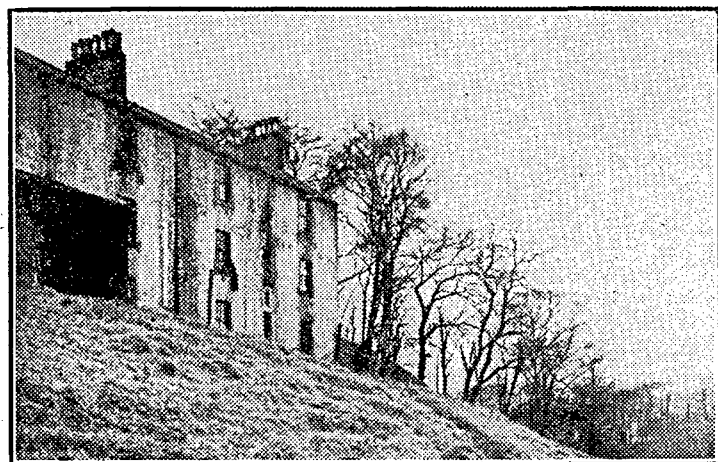
Warship's Giant Anchor—Two sailors are here seen cleaning and painting the anchor of the Nelson, one of Britain's largest Warships, when it returned to Portsmouth from a cruise.



The Best of Friends—This picture from a farm near Cuffley shows how a dog contentedly shares its kennel with a lamb with which it has made friends.



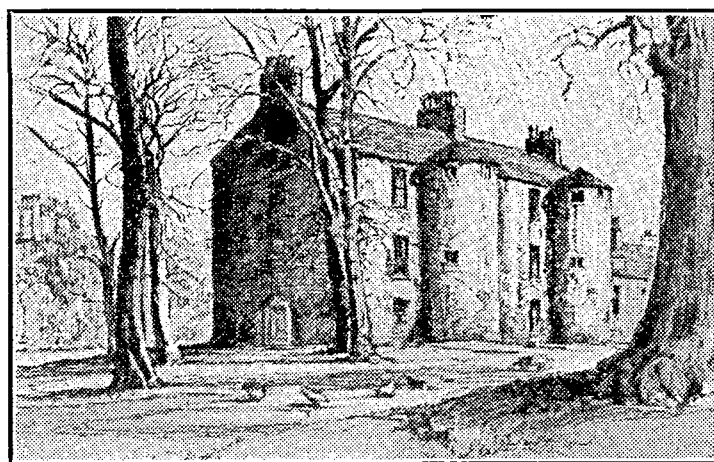
Reproducing Masterpieces—At the Victoria and Albert Museum plaster casts of famous sculptures are made, as shown here, for art schools and public galleries.



The Back of Livingstone's Birthplace



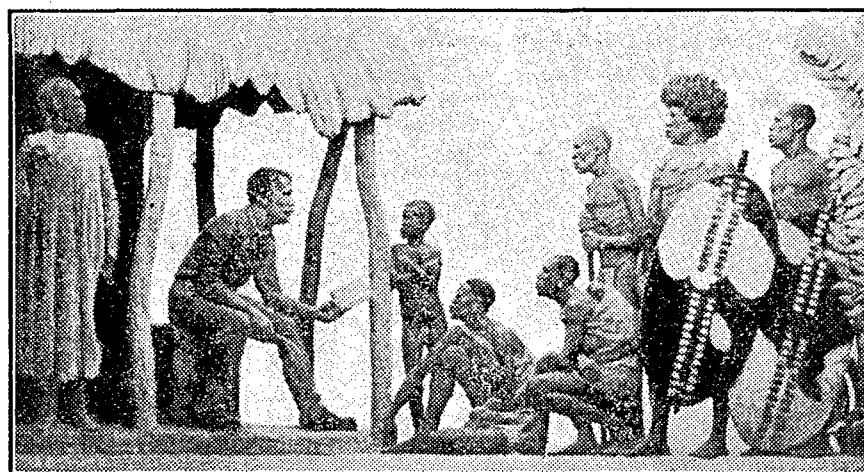
David Livingstone



The Front of Livingstone's Birthplace



Mercy—Livingstone and a Slave Trader



Truth—Livingstone Preaching to Natives

The birthplace of David Livingstone at Blantyre in Lanarkshire is to be opened this summer as a museum containing relics of his African journeys, as told on page 7. There will also be eight coloured sculptures representing incidents in his life, two of which are shown here.

A FRIEND BORN IN A DRAIN

SAFE PLACE FOR SIX BABIES

A Fox That Was Allowed to Run All Over the House

CALL OF THE WILD

Toby My Fox Cub. By Frances Pitt.
(Arrowsmith, 5s.)

Toby was born in a drain. It was dry and dark, and the Vixen her mother thought it was a pleasantly safe place for her six babies. But a keeper discovered the nursery, and for fear Mrs. Vixen should feed her cubs on pheasant he condemned the whole family to death.

Luckily the news reached the ears of Miss Frances Pitt, a writer well known to the C.N., who has been called the Boswell of the Animal World. She arrived on the scene of the tragedy just in time to save two of the cubs.

Milk From a Pen Filler

They were about a day old, and looked like kittens, with their dark woolly coats, ears flat to their heads, and tiny rat's tails. They could not see properly till they were 17 days old, and for some time they refused utterly to take milk from a fountain pen filler.

At last Miss Pitt succeeded, but then her troubles were not over. She had to get up in the night to feed them at three-hour intervals and to refill the hot-water bottle which warmed their basket. One of the cubs, deprived of his hot-water bottle, took a chill and died, but his sister Toby survived and grew into the prettiest and most mischievous creature imaginable.

At seven weeks she could gallop and romp after a ball, although occasionally she turned an unintentional somersault. She would attack Miss Pitt's shoes and ankles like a puppy, scramble on to her lap, jump off again, attack a cushion, or stalk a matchbox. She was never tired of play. She grew daily more graceful. She was always clean.

Toby and the Bootlaces

Toby was seldom shut up. She roamed all over the house like a puppy, and was always pleased if she could get into Mr. Pitt's dressing-room, because she loved his porpoise-hide bootlaces, although they made her bilious. If ever she was very quiet they knew she had been chewing bootlaces and was feeling ill. Once she made a meal of 12 pairs!

The cub was wondrously gentle, loving to be fondled like a kitten, and taking care not to hurt when she pretended to worry her friends' fingers, but at heart she was a wild thing still. It was impossible to teach her obedience like a dog, and at last, though she loved her human friends and had a big garden to roam in, she went back to the woods because she was a wild thing and the wild called her.

They sought her high and low, they left the front door open all night for over a week, and fresh milk and rabbit meat were put out to tempt her, but all in vain. Occasionally a footprint or a kill told them that Toby was living in the neighbouring wood alone.

When Winter Came

Months went by and winter came, and in the dark days Toby grew lonely. One night they heard her crying in the wood, and far off a dog barked in answer. After that they saw the footprints of two foxes.

Late next May Miss Pitt lay watching an old bank all riddled with rabbit holes and crowned with hawthorn. A little red fox cub came out and stared at the world of buttercups and daisies. Some rabbits were feeding near, and he romped after one, which ran away from him with the greatest ease. Then the little fellow trotted back to his hole in disgust because no one would play with him. Surely he was Toby's son!

WATER IN A THIRSTY LAND

The Self-Supplying Frog

Many's the time that the C.N. has had to dispel the legend, as old as King Arthur, that frogs have been found walled up in rocks where they have lived for hundreds of years. In Sir Baldwin Spencer's Wanderings in Wild Australia he tells of an odd thing which may explain why people believe such things of the frog.

In the middle of the mid-Australian desert, a thirsty land where rain falls almost as infrequently as in the Sahara, one of the Australian blacks took him to a small clay pan, cut with deep cracks, and seemingly the most unlikely spot in which to look for frogs, because there was not a drop of surface water or anything moist within miles.

Looked Like An Orange

But the native boy, after searching about on the margin of the pan, pointed out some indistinct marks at the root of a withered bush which he said had been made by a frog.

Sure enough, though the ground was as hard as a rock and had to be cut away with a hatchet, about a foot below the surface they came on a little spherical chamber about the size of a tennis ball in which was lying a dirty yellow frog.

Its body was puffed out till it looked like an orange, and it was fast asleep. The black boy said it was blind. But it was moist and on squeezing it water dripped from its body. It is this ability to fill itself with water that enables the frog to tide over as long as a year or eighteen months of drought.

There are other frogs something like this, but it is only in the dry interior of Australia that the species has developed this water-storing habit.

THE EVERSLEY GIRL

At Work and Play

We find this picture drawn in a school magazine of the Eversley Girl, whose uniform is familiar in Southport; and we gladly pass it on.

The ideal Eversley girl is one who works hard during lesson time and plays vigorously during playtime.

Her preparation is always carefully done, and she bravely tackles the things she does not like.

She is thoughtful and kind, and brings no unnecessary trouble to anyone. She enjoys fun which does not hurt others; in her games she plays for her side, and is as cheerful when she loses as when she wins. She loves her home and her school, and tries to do nothing which shall bring discredit on either.

She regards her mistresses as friends who are trying to help her to make the best of herself. She admires, respects, and loves many people, but worships nobody. She is simple and natural in her friendships. She is pure in heart, in talk, and action. She is upright, honourable, and truthful, and scorns deceit.

She does not grumble. If things are wrong she does her best to get them right; if things are right, but not what she likes, she understands that it is not possible for anyone to have her own way in all things.

She goes to the dentist early in the holidays, avoids all infectious diseases, and is happy, healthy, and jolly. She is not vain, conceited, or priggish, for she knows how very little she knows of all there is to know. She knows, too, that God has given her whatever beauties and abilities she has. She is thankful for all His gifts.

To her the ideal is the Christ-life, and though she knows she can never reach it she is content with nothing less.

AN OLD LADY'S CUP OF TEA Wonderful Things Do Happen

By Somebody Who Looked On

Is the age of miracles over? One old lady in Guildford does not believe it. A curious thing happened to Mrs. Muggins only last week. (We call her Mrs. Muggins because her name is not Mrs. Muggins.)

She is very old, very rheumatic, with grown-up children to help out of an old age pension, and as she toiled up the steep High Street of Guildford dragging along homeward and feeling faint with hunger (there had been a very scanty breakfast that morning), she, usually firm and cheery, suddenly felt a terrible loss of hope.

A Kind Hand

It was perhaps because her usually placid husband panting along at her side was feeling weak and ill and depressed, and did not try to make conversation. The world was empty for Mrs. Muggins at that moment in the High Street of that busy, smiling town. She had no friends there, only one tiny room; she was proud and reserved, and hated to give way to worry. But she was dangerously near it.

It was at that very instant that a kind hand was laid on her arm, and a lady passing said with great tact:

"I feel like a cup of tea, the wind is so cold. Won't you and your husband have one too? Let us go in here."

And before the wayfarers grasped what was happening they were passing through the door of a charming café.

The lady put the old folk at one table and chose another for herself, sensitively understanding that they were not perhaps in the mood for small talk. She ordered them a large pot of tea, some bread and butter, and a plate of cakes and pastries, and over her shoulder she flung a bright welcoming smile.

Warmed By a Smile

Mrs. Muggins was warmed as much by that smile as by her tea. To think of the kind thought, to think that the lady had turned aside from her own thoughts to notice the distress on another woman's face! It did Mrs. Muggins a lot of good as she thought it over, munching the delicious pastry. Everything was worth while again.

Yes, it was a miracle, this meeting, for it brought hope once again to a heart that was well-nigh spent.

And as for the lady—well, she is one of those "silly little things" whose acquaintances say she thinks only about Frocks and Bridge.

WHAT DO THEY THINK?

Hats and Buses at the Universities

What must the hatmakers in the university towns of Oxford and Cambridge be thinking? For undergraduates in both places are now wandering about bareheaded.

What must the bus makers be thinking? For day by day there seem to be more and more buses in and around these two places.

What must the parents think when they are informed that there will probably be no chance of Michael or Giles getting to college at all unless his name appears victorious at the very top of a list of examination results?

The other day we took tea with a dean of a college who had just most sorrowfully informed a quite suitable person there would be no room for him at all in the college he wished to enter.

The universities change. The world speeds up.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HOMELESS

A LONDON PROBLEM SOLVED

What Has Happened to the Army of Outcasts

FROM 2000 TO 31

Only 31 homeless people were counted one night this year in London. Thirty years ago there were thousands.

In the days of our grandfathers one of the worst sides of London was the large number of homeless boys and crippled beggars seen in the streets.

Ragged street arabs ran begging after the old horse omnibuses. Homeless lads made their headquarters in the Adelphi Arches, or slept under market wagons in Covent Garden. Here they often found others willing to train them in crime.

What the Policeman Asks

Today any lad found homeless in the streets of London is taken in charge by the first policeman who sees him. The policeman asks where he comes from and what he is going to do. If he has no home, a home is found for him.

But in spite of all that has been done there are still to be found in the streets of West Central London, about 30 people, night after night, who have no homes. Men who have met with misfortune and are not regular idlers are allowed to sleep in the crypt of St. Martin's, and others are sometimes found in a tunnel below Charing Cross Station. They are not interfered with there. This long passage from Villiers Street to Buckingham Street has become the recognised home of the homeless in London.

Among them are old women wearing several torn dresses one over the other. They carry weird-looking bundles.

Things Seen in a Tunnel

One of them will sell old bits of leather from the uppers of boots to men who cut them out into bootlaces. One finds bottles or jars that bring her in a copper or two. There is a man who has a little old can and a bundle of food which he has begged during the day. Another has gathered up some newspapers which he carefully places on the ground and against the wall to keep him warm while he tries to sleep. There are beggars up from the country who find London warmer in winter time.

Night after night workers from charities visit these miseries, trying to find out any who can be helped. Sometimes the sleepers turn on their visitor, for some of these people do not want their lives changed. They have lost the will to raise themselves. They hope to get money for nothing from strangers who pass by and pity them.

A Wonderful Change

Happily there is always somebody at hand from the Church Army or the Salvation Army to help those who will respond to help. At the beginning of the century an average of 2000 homeless people slept in the London streets on winter nights. Last February only 31 were counted. It is a wonderful change in less than a generation.

Charitable people have built homes and shelters for the outcasts, and there are a hundred schemes for helping them.

Surely the spirit of Christianity grows stronger every year in our national life. The man who "prays on his knees on Sunday and preys on his neighbour on Monday" is dying. The man who feels that Christianity is service is increasing everywhere. One day he will bring in the Millennium. Meanwhile he pulls down slums, makes playing-fields, and gives shelter to the homeless.

April 27, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

II

A TALE OF TWO CATS

One That Lost Its Head AND ONE THAT SOUGHT FIRST-AID

Somehow or other a cat got to the top of the steeple of St. Andrew's Church, in Thornhill Square, North London. There it remained for two days waiting for help.

Like many cats in similar positions it had gone up in search of adventure (perhaps in hope of pigeons) and then had forgotten how to get down again.

The cries brought on the scene a daily crowd and Mr. Louis Bell, who did something more than sympathise. He got a ladder left by the workmen who had been repairing the steeple and climbed up to pussy and brought her down. Loud cheers greeted the feat.

That was an example of the way a cat loses its head. A C.N. reader in

A Little Cross-Examination of Sir Arthur Keith

WE have often felt that we would like to ask Sir Arthur Keith a few plain questions.

No man in the world knows more about our bodies; no man in the world desires more earnestly to know the truth. What does this wise man really think about Man and the Universe that we inhabit?

Most of his life Sir Arthur Keith has been setting questions to students; it seemed to us time that a few questions were set for him. They found him in the genial mood which has made him one of the most attractive personalities in the scientific world, and our examination paper has come back with the answers duly written. They appear in My Magazine for May, now on sale everywhere.

Ask for MY MAGAZINE
Arthur Mee's Monthly

the North sends us a tale of a cat that kept it and used it.

It was a Sheffield cat, one of a number of others who haunt the neighbourhood of the Royal Hospital by day and fight by night. This cat was a black Tom, and in one of the encounters got a bad scratch over the right eye.

So what did Tom do but go straight to the hospital front door, walk up the corridor to the casualty ward, wriggle in, and present himself to Dr. Alcock, one of the eye specialists.

Tom was not diffident about his case. He jumped on a chair and cocked his good eye on the doctor.

The end of the story hardly needs telling. Tom's eye was restored, and now he is waiting his opportunity to make the hospital his home.

MAY DAY

In Sight of the Poll

May Day of 1929 will not be remembered by quaint dances round the Maypole. No fewer than 5,250,000 young women will be advancing toward a Poll of a very different description.

On the first of May more than five million young women voters will be added to the election register. A few weeks later a large number of these tempestuous new petticoats will cast their votes at a General Election.

None can tell how their votes will be cast, whether for the Die-Hards or the Go-Aheads. But the thought of these regiments of young women at the Poll ought surely to help us to believe that the days of Merrie England are not yet numbered!

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Nottingham is to have a municipal crematorium before the end of this year.

In future, Sheffield's street sweepers will wear white coats as a protection against traffic.

A campaign is being started by lovers of birds to induce broadcast listeners to "cork" their aeriels.

Loudspeakers through which orders are broadcast have taken the place of the bosun's whistle on H.M.S. London.

A member of Rochdale Rotary Club has given the town a playing field of 36 acres.

An Old Welsh Fortress

Newport's Norman castle, a Welsh border fortress 750 years old, is to be preserved by the Office of Works.

Penguins on a Stamp

New stamps issued for the Falkland Islands have pictures of penguins and whales.

No Litter Louts Wanted

Motorists and gipsies have been forbidden to use Epsom Downs in future owing to the rubbish left there by the Litter Lout.

See Britain

A British Travel Association has been formed, with an income of £16,000 a year, to encourage travel at home and to attract foreign visitors.

A Capital Cut Off

Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, has been cut off from the rest of the country by flood, wireless being the only means of communication left.

Woodbine Willie's Grave

A Worcester reader reminds us that the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy was buried in the cemetery of St. John Bedwardine, and not in the Cathedral, as we said in the C.N.

Home of Dukes for the Public

Chiswick House, the historic home of the Dukes of Devonshire, just over a mile from Hammersmith Broadway, is to be opened to the public with its 66 acres of ground, having been bought by Middlesex County Council.

IN THE STREETS AND ON THE CLIFFS

The Stupidity of Some People

A Sussex reader gives an example of wholesale litter which he saw bestrewn the streets from the collecting van of one of the large biscuit firms.

From the empty tins a shower of light papers used in lining the tins was scattered as if the van were the hare in a monstrous paper-chase.

Everyone must have observed that in towns much of the bigger forms of litter comes from the baskets of the exuberant race of errand-boys. Only a general thoughtfulness will grapple with this nuisance. That thoughtfulness is growing, and is impressing itself steadily on the public mind, but the process is bound to be slow.

On one of the most-frequented headlands of the southern coast, the lovely cliffs near Hengistbury Head not far from Bournemouth, where there are natural grassy walks through heather and bracken, after every general holiday there are dozens of huge initials cut out of the turf, and the displaced pieces of turf are cast aside by deluded youths who evidently think they are doing something fine, instead of registering their own disgrace. Such people are naturally so dull that they must be plainly told, again and again, that what they think is fine is felt by all people of sense, good taste, and modesty to be an outrage.

The C.N. will go on ventilating this litter outrage in all its forms till all its readers and all whom they can influence are apostles of public thoughtfulness, and till the Litter Lout is himself ashamed and mends his ways

LONDON GROWS AND GROWS Statistics of the World's Capital

How many Londoners know that their great city and the surrounding district are governed by a staff of nearly 10,000 people, officials excluded, and that most of these people are unpaid?

Statistics can be as dry as dust, but the 32nd volume of London Statistics, lately published by the L.C.C., is packed with interesting things about the life of the Londoner.

Passenger traffic in Greater London has grown at an amazing rate. Over 1100 million people were carried by rail, tram, and bus in 1902, but this figure was more than trebled in 1927, when there were 3720 millions.

Millions of Passengers

Another interesting comparison has been made between the division of passengers among the various transport services before and after the war. These figures refer to millions of passengers and how they travelled:

Year	Rail	Trams	Buses
1912	680	790	550
1927	880	1000	1800

In these 15 years the journeys per head of population rose from 270 to 470.

Suburban traffic from the great main line termini has also grown enormously. In 1927 Waterloo had on ordinary weekdays 77 per cent more trains than in 1913.

Splendid are the opportunities which the Londoner has today for outdoor recreation. There are over 800 tennis courts provided by the L.C.C. in London parks and hundreds of cricket and football pitches. Bowls, netball, hockey, and croquet are only a few of many open-air attractions.

Post office statistics show us that London's telephone service is steadily improving. 48,500 new telephone stations being installed last year and 2000 more call offices connected with the London exchange.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY A Working Partnership With the League

Colonies of refugees, beginning their lives afresh in the new agricultural settlements in Syria, are still dependent on others for food to keep them going.

Through the Red Cross nearly £4000 has been given so that this necessary relief may be assured for a time for the 8000 people already settled. Four times as many people, however, still remain to be provided for, and much more money will have to be found.

These facts confronted the committee which met lately in Geneva, composed of people representing private societies for helping refugees and presided over by the Deputy High Commissioner of the League of Nations.

Russians in Constantinople are also a problem. By Turkish decree they are under orders to leave the city, and through the efforts of the League's High Commissioner nearly a thousand have been helped to settle elsewhere. Another thousand have applied for naturalisation, and many of those still remaining are to be transferred to Palestine, France, and Brazil. Offers of work have come from these countries and the League Commissioners have acted as go-betweens, obtaining particulars about the work, finding suitable people to send to it, arranging for journeys, and so on.

In some places families are required, in others single men, and by making the necessary connections it is hoped in time that these Russians, driven forcibly from Constantinople, will find happy ways out of their difficulties.

AN UNKNOWN WORLD

WHERE IS IT?

Pulling Neptune From Its True Position

A YEAR 209 YEARS LONG

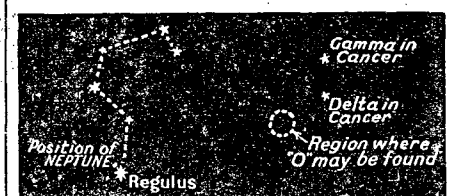
By the C.N. Astronomer

Now that we have such a favourable opportunity of finding that most remote planet Neptune (as described in the C.N. for March 30) it is to be hoped that many of our observers of the heavens will have succeeded in finding it.

Neptune is a fascinating world, weird and mysterious. Gradually more is being learned about its dim sphere, the position of its poles, direction of rotation, the length of its day—about 15 hours 40 minutes.

Further discoveries, however, only add to Neptune's mysteries, among them the mysterious motions of this great world in its orbit, indicating that some source of attraction is pulling Neptune back, and slightly to the south of its appointed place.

This state of things has existed for twenty years, but is now becoming less



Where the unknown world O is calculated to be at present

pronounced, according to the very precise observations recorded at Greenwich Observatory.

The astronomer W. H. Pickering, of Mandeville, Jamaica, has made an exhaustive study of these records, and also some that are very similar at the Washington Observatory. He has shown that this retardation and deviation of Neptune from its true position is due to the pull of an unknown world beyond it which he calls O.

It appears, as the result of his researches, that this world O was at its nearest to Neptune in the early part of the century; and that since 1907, after Neptune had passed O, this unknown world had retarded it. As it is by far the innermost planet, it is travelling faster than O, so Neptune is now leaving O behind, and the retarding effect will soon become imperceptible.

It may be some 300 years before Neptune will again pass O and be retarded again, and so Pickering emphasises the great importance of the present occasion for endeavouring to find this unknown world.

A Difficult Search

Our star map shows the region of the heavens where he has calculated that O will be found; but the finding will be a difficult matter, for it is only of the 12th magnitude, and there are hundreds of stars no brighter clustered together in the same area.

On certain assumptions warranted by the evidence the gravitational pull of O indicates that it is probably only half as massive as the Earth, so if O is in a similar condition to our world Pickering estimates it would have a diameter of about 6300 miles and thus be smaller than the Earth.

But if O is similar in constitution to Neptune it would, although possessing no more mass, or material in its composition, be greater in volume, and so appear brighter.

This unknown world has been calculated by Pickering to be at a distance of about 3300 million miles, and to take a little over 209 years to go round the Sun, compared with Neptune's 165 years. If our world had years as long as this we should be denied birthdays, unless we were blessed with lives unusually prolonged.

G. F. M.

THE RECORDS OF OUR AGE

PICTURES CRACKING AND PAPER CRUMBLING

Why the Old Masters Endure For Century After Century PRODUCTION AND DESTRUCTION

There is melancholy news from the libraries and art galleries.

Pictures are cracking and fading; the paper of journalism and literature is crumbling into decay. A student of the subject, after much investigation, sadly asks what posterity will know of the 20th century?

The Old Masters of art had secrets which we apparently have not yet discovered. Their pictures, painted centuries ago, are fresh and lovely as ever. The works of Reynolds, not half the age of some in which we rejoice, are wrecks, cracked in a thousand directions, the colours faded, fogged, and ribbed. Whistler's works, still so young, are yielding with sad rapidity to the hand of Time; many of those by Sargent are grievously damaged.

Too Much Haste

There are other masters who toiled either without discretion or in too great haste. Like Sargent, they applied paint to surfaces not yet dry; like Turner, they occasionally used inferior materials; like Reynolds, they used pigments which they must have known would, while giving brilliant effects for the time, prove mutually destructive in the long run. The Old Masters painted for as much of eternity as brush and brain could command, with colours long and closely studied and applied with loving care.

As to our papers and journals, the cheaper sorts are doomed within the days of the present generation. Much of it is deservedly doomed; it can well be spared, its room better filled. But the case is different with many other expensive books.

Costly Reprints

If the things that are perishing are worthy of preservation for a later age they can be saved only by reprints on good paper, and good paper is costly. There is something to be said for the old days and ways when, if individual men wrote much, writers as a class were few and great painters were numbered by units rather than by the hundreds who now appeal for attention. They used lasting materials.

Graven columns, papyrus, parchment, and vellum took all the records of the writers before paper came, and the books that have lasted from before the days of printing among the world's treasury of manuscripts were on paper made of honest rag. We live in an age of unparalleled production but, unhappily, of unparalleled destruction too.

THE ELEPHANT'S DAY IN TOWN

Reutlingen in Wurtemberg will long remember the last visit of the circus with its elephants.

At the railway station four of them left the goods yard without waiting for their keepers. Three of them stamped over suburban gardens. Then there was one.

The fourth rogue went to see the town. It picked its way among the pedestrians like a polite motor-lorry, but it entered a lamp shop without ceremony. There a customer with great presence of mind opened a back door for it. The rogue elephant passed out.

Its curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. It burst into an optician's and scattered the spectacles, as well as shattering the plate glass. It entered a music shop by the window, devastated a men's outfitters, and tried to visit the hospital.

There it was cornered. It received first-aid for the cuts it had received and went back to the circus.

THE UNSEEN C.N.

It is a great pleasure to us to think that the C.N. is known throughout the world and that its readers feel it to be a familiar and friendly paper. Many of them say they love it; and show their sincerity by a delight in spreading its influence. But probably its most friendly readers are not aware of the full range of its work and its quiet influence in many ways.

Every day brings to the C.N. sheaves of letters written privately in a spirit of friendly consultation, and the letters cover nearly every subject of human interest.

World-Wide Correspondence

They come from all parts of the world. They seek information; they ask advice; they invite an exchange of opinion; they express a desire for a friendship that is personal. The correspondence extends to every European country where the C.N. is known as something new in education and unparalleled elsewhere.

Intellectual Mohammedans, faithful to their own creed, cultured Hindus, Chinese students are reading these pages; and from time to time they outline their points of view with a thoughtful courtesy. To all these approaches we feel we must respond, and such private responses make no small part of our heavy work.

Happily a large part of this correspondence expresses appreciation of the aims, methods, and tone of our work, so that on the whole our vast correspondence is a great encouragement, bringing a heart-warming sense of friendship.

New Ideas

Often we are trusted with new ideas, or what seem new to those who have conceived them in the quietude of thought. Sometimes they take the form of inventions. Sometimes they are fresh theories of philosophy or belief. Sometimes they are opinions that the holder would like to have discussed or ventilated. Occasionally they are statements of views from a different angle from ours, the standpoint of men of another race or creed. Implicit in nearly all such communications there is, we feel, the compliment of confidence. Our readers know we shall meet them on grounds of respect and courtesy. An editor's publicity gives him the privilege of receiving the thoughts of every type of mind that is in some measure attuned to his own.

Of course we have a continuous correspondence from readers who have

literary ambitions. Its increase has been conspicuous since education became more literary. No age is too young to hanker after publicity. The number of those who would like to challenge criticism in print is immense, and nine out of ten would prefer to do it in verse.

Nowhere can youthful temerity be seen more clearly than in its literary ambitions. Almost invariably the young writer wishes to begin at the top. He despises the indispensable paragraph. He overlooks the part played by judgment, knowledge of life, and experience. We spend many busy hours in putting young feet on the bottom rung of the ladder which they must climb for themselves without ever losing their first enthusiasm.

Asking for the Impossible

All these types of correspondents are welcomed; they establish a bond between themselves and us which contributes strength to our work. But there is another large class which creates much labour by asking for the impossible. They may be classified as the appealers for help.

The appealers for help are the very salt of the Earth. They are eager supporters of a thousand good causes with which we have a sympathy as deep as their own. They are our friends, and they feel that we are theirs. But they have never thought out the effects on the C.N. of a response to their appeals. The C.N. exists to spread good influences that may be understood by reading any one of its issues. It is planned to sustain many educative purposes. The balance of the paper cannot be disturbed. It cannot surrender its individuality and become the organ of a thousand separate aims, however good these aims may be.

A Moment's Thought

At the very least there are a thousand most admirable causes, perhaps ten thousand, in which our readers are interested, and in their ardour they plead with us to appeal for all. It cannot be done. A thousand noble causes spread over the year would make twenty appeals each week, and a moment's thought will show that in that way the work of the C.N. would soon be at an end.

We have thought that for once it would interest our readers to know how extensive is the unseen work carried on behind the scenes of a journal like the C.N., which aims at being a friend in every household it enters.

THE SPIRIT THAT NEVER WAS

Not since the quiet Mr. Brown of Calaveras told the Society on the Stanislaw that some prehistoric bones were those of his last mules has there been a sensation like that created by Mr. Palmer, the dentist of Nairobi, when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was lecturing on Ghosts.

It was Sir Arthur's last appearance before leaving Africa for home, and it was also the last appearance of his lantern slides of spirit photographs. One of them stood out on the screen very plainly. It was that of "a ghost with a hard, wicked face" which had haunted a house at Nottingham.

It was quite a famous ghost, for the house had a long-standing reputation for being haunted, and Sir Arthur was a little proud of being the possessor of such a successful snapshot of its admittedly terrifying features.

The audience listened and gazed; so this was what a ghost really looked like!

Then, in the silence of the darkened hall, a voice spoke.

"I am that ghost," it said.

There was a moment's rather creepy feeling in the audience, but it faded quickly when the speaker was recognised as the man who so often had pulled their teeth.

They waited for him to explain.

Mr. Palmer's explanation was that twenty years ago he was a member of a party of young people who hunted for the ghost in the Nottingham house without success for some weeks. As a joke at the expense of the disappointed ghost-seekers Mr. Palmer, dressed in an old nightgown and grimacing horribly, was snapshotted by his brother.

The photograph was shown to the party as a successful attempt to get the invisible ghost on the plate and was as such accepted.

That, Mr. Palmer declared, was how the spirit photograph came into existence. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is nothing if not honest and courageous, ruefully but manfully accepted the explanation and said the photograph should be shown no more.

So one more ghost is laid.

A BOMB AT DELHI The Evil That Men Do Lives After Them

STAIN ON A GREAT HOUSE

A bomb was thrown from the gallery of the Parliament House at New Delhi among the members who had assembled to hear a very important announcement.

It killed no one, though it wounded five people. But it did an injury to the people of India that cannot be reckoned.

The men who threw the bomb and followed it up with another will be punished. But neither punishment nor leniency can alter the damage they did to India's cause. The Indian labour leader Mr. Chaman Lal said that it was a dastardly crime against the Nationalist movement itself.

In these words is summed up the stupidity as well as the wickedness of such an act as this. If anyone had been killed the Nationalists would have had to bear the blame of it. Every opponent would have stiffened in his opposition. It would have been said that those whose cause was taken up by murderers were not fit to govern.

Thus it has always been. The criminals attached even to just causes are their cause's greatest enemies. The blood of martyrs has been the seed of the Christian Church, but the shedding of the blood of innocent men has never done anything to a cause except to harm it.

The magnificent Parliament House of the New Delhi was set up as a sign of a new and greater India. Its walls have been sullied by a deed which it may take long to wash out.

90 AND 70

Two of the World's Workers

There are people who love work. More power to them. Others hate idleness, and two of them come this week into the pages of the C.N.

One of them is Joseph Zalesky, who is the oldest inhabitant of Lorraine. He is now 103, and would still go on working if the villagers of Migneville would let him. But he worked for 94 years in the fields, and now they want to keep him as long as they can. When he was 100 the Government gave him the Gold Medal of Labour. Migneville is asking that he should be awarded the medal of the Legion of Honour. And why not?

Our second example is Miss Mary McGraw of Dundee. Mary has only worked 70 years up to now, but in her 80th year she has declared her intention of going back to her daily task at Claverhouse, Bleachfield, as soon as she has got over her attack of influenza.

"I hate this idleness," she said.

For the past 11 years she has lived in Dundee, some distance from her work in the bleaching factory. Every day except Sunday she has walked six miles to and from her bench, and since she was 70 she must have covered 150,000 miles in addition to the daily work. Rain or shine, the old lady got up at half-past five in the morning to be there before the works opened, and she has been with the firm since she was a little girl of ten. We are sure the firm is proud of her; so are we.

SELLING ON SUNDAY

In 1927, the last year for which there are figures ready, there were in England and Wales nearly 30,000 charges brought in the courts for Sunday trading.

There were in one county borough alone (Kingston-upon-Hull) twice as many of these charges as in all the rest of England and Wales put together.

THE SECRET OF THE AGES

Told by John Halden

CHAPTER 9

The Tables Are Turned

As the panic-stricken natives called across the swampy tundra Josephine turned to her brother.

"The giant underground rat again!" she murmured whimsically, with raised eyebrows.

"There's more in this than meets the eye," responded her brother. "They have even left one of their dog teams behind."

The Samoyede was floundering along, trying to keep the one remaining dog team and its precious load steady, but the four other natives seemed beyond control.

Igak, unwilling to get wet, shouted across the boggy space from the higher ground on which the camp was set. "You are fools!" he cried furiously. "It cannot chase you. You know it is killed by daylight!"

"This one is alive!" returned the fleeing natives. "He waved his long black tongue at us and shook his terrible great teeth, every one bigger than a man!"

The twins looked at each other with mystified faces. Suddenly Jerry broke into a roar of laughter.

"By Jove!" he exploded. "I never thought of that!"

For a moment Jo remained mystified, then the light broke in on her and her eyes widened.

"Jerry! If it is what we think it's a most marvellous find," she cried. "Quick! We must go on at once."

Her brother caught her arm and pointed to the natives, who were having an altercation. The Samoyede, it appeared, was trying to guide the dogs toward the twins' camp, and the others were insisting that if he went he should go alone, leaving the precious provisions with them to help them back to Yakutsk.

"All but the Samoyede are afraid to come near us," remarked Jerry. "I wonder why."

The four natives evidently had their way with the Samoyede, for the company continued to flounder back to Yakutsk. Meanwhile Igak was behaving strangely. He stood at the edge of the swampy ground irresolutely, looking first toward the twins then after the fleeing natives.

"He can't make up his mind whether to stay with us or go," murmured Jerry.

"I hope he goes," said Jo. "He has shown himself to be treacherous and possibly murderous. Let him go."

"Well, we need him," returned Jerry. "He's an excellent leader. The other two are not much good. Of course if he stays with us we shall have to watch him constantly. But now that we know what he is we ought to be able to manage with him till we reach Father. Father will know how to deal with him."

Igak, who had evidently made up his mind to stay, now came up the slope toward them, half swaggering, half cringing.

"Those men not get to Yakutsk," he said. "Not food enough left for five men. They soon fight for last of it. You got plenty food here, ch?"

"Oho! So that is the reason you are staying with us, is it?" thought Jerry. "Look here, Igak," he added aloud, "we know what you are now, so don't try any more of your tricks. You can continue to work for us, but if you attempt to do anything underhanded we'll turn you off and send you back to Yakutsk on your own. Give me your knife."

Igak handed over his ugly weapon.

"Now get the dogs together," commanded Jerry. "We are going to take up the trail where those men left it off."

"How you know where go?" asked Igak, betraying his knowledge of the stolen map.

"Oh, we're not so dependent on maps as you think," returned Jerry dryly. "Harness the dogs. We'll get on."

It was hard going over the water-soaked tundra, but the twins kept at it by a combination of will-power and muscle. The sun shone hot in a clear sky, reflecting in the spread of water till their eyes were dazzled. Luckily they had no stream to cross, for those they saw would have been impassable; they were so swollen with rain.

After some hours they rested on a low hill, where the rain had fairly well drained out of the thick moss. It was the first chance they had had to talk, for travelling was a breathless and precarious business.

"Do you think we'll find the giant underground rat?" remarked Jerry, as he carefully made a fire from the dry inner pith of some wood they had gathered.

Josephine broke off a fragment from a black brick of tea and filled the samovar with water.

"If we do, Jerry," she answered, "it will be a pretty wonderful find! You know flesh and blood mammoths have been found in this country."

"About twenty of them altogether, I believe," said Jerry, "but never one in perfect condition. The country is so big and the natives are so afraid of them that by the time a scientist gets to hear that one has been discovered wild animals have usually eaten most of it."

"Extraordinary," murmured Josephine, "that an animal which died perhaps half a million years ago should still be fit to eat!"

"It's the ice that does it," said her brother. "I've heard how it happens. You see, half a million years ago Mr. Mammoth was wandering about the country in search of food, maybe in a blinding snow-storm. He slipped and fell into a deep crevice in the ice. Perhaps he broke his leg in falling. Anyway he was too heavy to scramble out. In his struggles he brought down a great heap of snow on top of himself, and then it was all up with him. He was smothered to death; a heavy frost turned the snow over him to ice, and there he was in cold storage for a few hundred thousand years."

"What makes the natives say the mammoths are as big as a house," said Josephine. "They are no bigger than a good-sized elephant, about twelve to fourteen feet high."

"Well, that is as big as a native hut," said Jerry. "And anyway the idiots don't stop to look. They are eaten up with superstition about the beasts."

"Jerry, I'm very keen about this," cried Josephine. "Imagine finding a hairy mammoth in the flesh! Though I don't know what we could do with it if we did find it."

"Dig it out!" returned her brother briskly. "Send for Father. Tell him what we'd found. He'd be simply delirious with joy. Every museum in the world would compete for it. Golly, what a prize!"

"Well, we haven't got it yet," said Jo practically. "Tea is ready, Jerry. Come, eat your pemmican like a good boy. We may be reduced to eating mammoth yet."

A little below them on the slope the three natives sat about their own fire, their heads together busily discussing something.

"Igak seems to have got a complete ascendancy over our two native helpers," remarked Jerry, indicating them.

"I don't trust him for a moment," returned Jo. "I wish we hadn't got him with us."

"We daren't attempt to send him back, old thing," said her brother. "We'd have to give him enough provisions to get him to Yakutsk, and that would leave us too short. Also, if he went I'm afraid the other two would go with him. And then where would we be? We will have to take turns sleeping tonight. One of us must always be on guard. There is something in the air, I think. Better turn in and get some sleep now, Josie. I'll watch."

"All right," agreed his sister. "But call me in three hours, Jerry, and I'll stand guard over you. Goodnight!"

"Goodnight!" returned Jerry, thinking it an odd thing to say while the sun shone in the sky. Nevertheless, by his wrist-watch, it was eleven p.m.

CHAPTER 10

The Find

A FEW hours later the twins, refreshed by their short rest, set forth again as nearly as they could judge in the direction of Professor Carson's first marked camping place. Although the retreat of the Samoyede and his companions had made their minds easier about their father they did not now move at so leisurely a pace.

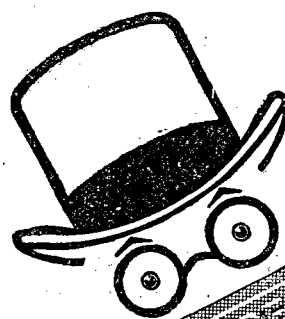
After travelling about ten hours they came to a stream that looked quite impassable. It was running almost due north, so rapidly and so swollen with the recent rains that it carried with it great clumps of turf as big as cottages.

"We'll never get across, Jo," said Jerry as the party came to a halt. "It is too deep to wade, too swift to swim or row across, and too full of debris for a raft."

"Then we'd better follow along it for a while," said Jo practically. "It couldn't have been much more passable when the

Continued on the next page

Crisp Toasted Almonds in Delicious Milk Chocolate



"It's delicious, it's new. Get some at the sweetshop on the way home."

ROWNTREE'S
2^D ALMOND
BAR

FOOD

THE ROMANS esteemed barley so highly that they had coins depicting Ceres, the goddess of seed and harvest, with ears of barley plaited in her hair. But the Romans had not CCB—ready to eat.

THE ANCIENT GREEK ATHLETES owed their prowess largely to the wonderful strength-giving powers of barley—rich in phosphoric acid and iron. CCB is the best "body-fuel" for athletes to-day.

BARLEY, according to Pliny, is the most ancient food of mankind. Now, as CCB, it is the most modern.

GEORGE CUMMINGS, in Easter week, at the age of 55, walked from London to Leeds—200 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles—in 39 hours and 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, averaging over 50 miles per day. His sole food during the walk was Clark's Creamed Barley with milk.

CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY is an ideal food for all ages, at all times. It is made from British sun-lit golden barley, which is richer in calories, or food units, than any other cereal. It is vitalising and sustaining, and so easily assimilated that dyspeptics may take it without discomfort. For children, it is invaluable—and they love it.

CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY
CCB
Britain's Best Cereal

CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY, 72, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Samoyede crowd came to it, and so far we have been following the trail they took."

"There seems nothing else to be done," agreed Jerry. "But you know to get to Father we ought to work eastward."

"Perhaps the stream will spread out farther down, and we can manage to ford it," responded Jo. "Anyway, we can't stop. Look at the natives! I believe they are on the point of mutinying."

Igak was muttering to his two native companions in a low voice. The twins guessed from his expression that he was urging them to join him in stealing the dogs and provisions and making their way back to Yakutsk. The two subordinates were stolidly refusing, nevertheless they cast irresolute glances at the wild waters of the river.

"Follow along the bank of the river," ordered Jerry at once, knowing that the best way to curb an incipient rebellion is to give the malcontents something immediate to do. The two natives obeyed instantly, with loud cries to the dogs, and Igak, with a surly glance over his shoulder at the two young people he had been intending to abandon, followed them.

"Whew!" breathed Jerry. "I'll be glad to get rid of that trouble maker. Imuk and Yak seem to be decent enough fellows."

"I think they are. If only Igak would leave them alone!" returned Jo, as she and her brother strode along the bank after the others.

"So far from spreading, this river seems to be growing deeper and swifter and narrower all the time," she added.

"I don't like it," admitted Jerry. "How are we to get across?"

Suddenly the river plunged round a cliff that jutted out into it. Beyond where they were they could hear the roar of a waterfall. The swirling waters leaped up against the sides of the cliff, tearing down great boulders of rock ice that had been lying beneath the surface of the earth for perhaps millions of years.

A shout from the natives in charge of the dogs just in front of the twins made them break into a run round the bend in the river. They arrived just in time. Before them lay the abandoned sledge of the Samoyede's party, piled high with the provisions stolen from their own camp. The poor dogs, abandoned in the natives'

Continued in the last column

JACKO GETS MORE THAN HE WANTS

It was useless for Jacko's mother to tell him to be still: he couldn't. Go out into the garden, do," she cried in despair. "Leave the cat alone!" she added. "And now look what you've done!" For he had lurched against the table and upset her workbasket, scattering the cottons all over the room.

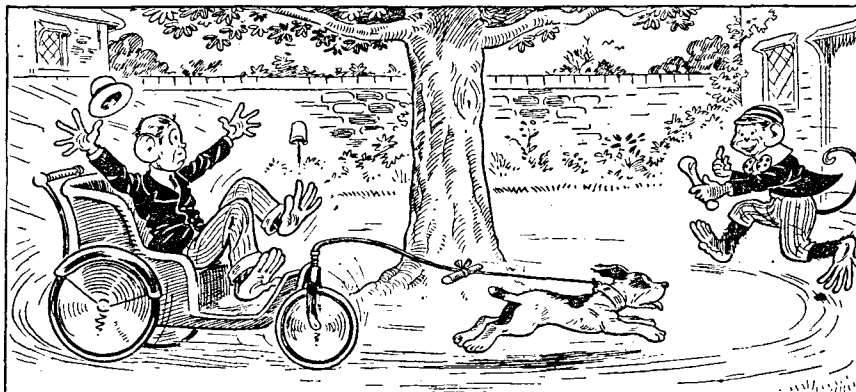
"I'll pick them up, Mater," said Jacko.

"No, you won't," declared his mother. "Just go: I want to see the back of you."

Jacko, looking slightly crestfallen, opened the door, rolled round it, and wandered out into the garden. And there he stood, in the middle of the lawn, a picture of misery.

"If the car hadn't broken down," he muttered, "Adolphus might have given me a run. Hallo! There he is! In grandpa's bathchair!"

It was Adolphus right enough, sprawling, sound asleep under the apple tree.



"Good dog!" he coaxed, holding out the bone. The dog made a dash for it

"I'll have him out of that," grinned Jacko, "the lazy beggar!" And off he ran. In a minute he came back, leading a sharp little terrier by a rope. He led it to the bathchair and tied it fast to the handle. Then he produced a juicy-looking bone. "Good dog!" he coaxed, holding it out.

The dog sniffed the meat and made a dash for it. But Jacko backed away.

The dog dashed after him. And Adolphus woke up.

"Hi! Stop!" he shouted. He struggled to get out; but the bathchair was going too fast; it was fairly racing round the tree, swaying and groaning, the dog barking and Jacko cheering him on.

Crash! They were over!

Jacko laughed louder than ever. But he suddenly stopped and gave a yell, for in the general excitement the dog had bitten him!

And Mother Jacko, kind-hearted as she was, said that it served him right.

fright, had become entangled in their harness, and lay about struggling feebly.

Igak was trying to beat these dogs into rising and drawing the sledge. It was clear he took it as a windfall for himself.

"Stop beating those dogs!" shouted Jo, hurling herself on the cruel Igak. "Can't you see they are tangled and exhausted?"

The two subordinate natives, who had been carrying out Igak's orders to abscond with the sledge, now proceeded to obey the white boy's orders. Suddenly, as they moved about, absorbed in disentangling the abandoned dogs, one of them emitted a yell of terror.

"Yah!" cried Imuk, pointing across the narrow river to the cliff opposite. He threw himself flat on his face.

Jerry and Josephine, who had been too busily engaged to look about them, turned and stood frozen with astonishment. The river here was only about thirty yards wide, but flowing with tremendous force. Swollen by the rains, it reached high up the side of the opposite cliff.

"Jove!" breathed Jerry at his sister's shoulder. "I don't wonder they bolted!"

Confronting them was an enormous shaggy head with half-open whitish eyes, and a long, black trunk that waved violently to and fro in the water. It was a full-sized hairy mammoth, frozen into the ice cliff. Even as the twins watched, some clods of mingled ice and gravel were brought down by the water and uncovered a little more of the massive shoulder.

But, most frightful of all, as the head moved slightly with the pull of the water on the trunk, were the great spreading tusks, twelve feet long, as far as they could judge, of the whitest ivory, curved in a wide semicircle.

"Jerry, it's the find of a lifetime!" cried Jo. "If the whole of it is as perfect as the head our fame and fortune are made!"

Jerry turned from his triumphant survey of the great brute to answer his sister, but was interrupted by a pawing at his boot. It was Yak, beside himself with terror. The other two natives lay flat on their faces, their hands over their eyes to shut out the ill-omened sight.

"Whatever shall we do?" muttered Jerry aside to his sister. "They'll never consent to help to dig him out!"

TO BE CONTINUED



The MAGIC of BRUSHING

Tell Mother about this

Lots of Girls would look very much nicer than they do if they only brushed their hair properly. But proper brushing means something more than vain efforts with the usual kind of brush, it means using the right brush.

The right hairbrush for young folk is the "MASON PEARSON" Brush. It is different from ordinary hairbrushes because the bristles are real, black, wild-boar bristles, arranged in spired tufts in a special rubber cushion pad. The "MASON PEARSON" Brush is different, too, because nobody else knows just how to make so good a brush.

The differences in the "MASON PEARSON" Brush are responsible for the differences you will notice after using it. It DOESN'T just glide over the hair to put it straight, but penetrates right through the hair to the scalp, brushing and cleaning it as it should be done. It DOESN'T tug at the tangles to hurt you, but gently and comfortably separates each delicate strand and trains the hair to be just as you want it.

In a very short time the "MASON PEARSON" Brush transforms the appearance of the hair, making it ever so glossy, clean-looking and attractive. There isn't any magic about it really. It is just that rare thing, a brush that does its work properly. Ask Mother to get you one, or

MASON PEARSON

HAIR-BRUSH



if you will send the money to us for the particular brush you want we will send it to you immediately, POST FREE. There are two small brushes, one "POCKET" Size at 3/6 and another called "SHINGLE" at 4/9, or there is the "UNIVERSAL" at 5/9 and "JUNIOR" at 7/6.

Mention "Children's Newspaper" when writing.

MASON PEARSON SELLING AGENCY LTD., 59, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

What does this mean?



It is the salute of the TUROG LEAGUE—the great new movement amongst boys and girls who love fitness and sport.

The objects of the League are to promote health in body and mind amongst young Britons and to encourage sport. All boys and girls between the ages of seven and fifteen can become Leaguers.

There is no entrance fee, and splendid prizes are awarded by the League for success in work and games.

THE TUROG LEAGUE

Parents of Leaguers can qualify for handsome Free Gifts. Full particulars will be sent to parents of all applicants for enrolment in the League.

Send a postcard to-day for full particulars and free Enrolment Form to:—

The Secretary
(Dept. C.N.),



This handsome badge is the pride of every Leaguer and the symbol of "A healthy mind in a healthy body."

THE TUROG BROWN FLOUR CO., CARDIFF.
Branch of Spillers Limited.

April 27, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

15

Come to GAMAGES

THOUSANDS of children have spent many happy hours at Gamages. For no other store makes such an irresistible appeal to children. Nearly the whole of one huge floor is filled with toys and novelties. For older children there are magnificent working models of Railway Trains, Motor Boats, Engines, etc. There are interesting wireless demonstrations. Practical things for Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. Cricket Bats and Balls, Tennis Racquets, Rounder Sets—something to interest every boy and girl. A visit to Gamages is education and recreation most happily combined. Be sure and come to Gamages the next opportunity you get.

FREE

Write for Copy of Gamages Splendid Summer Sports List. Every Summer Sport is dealt with. Profusely Illustrated. Sent Post Free.

GAMAGES

The Children's Own Store

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.
City Branch: 107, Cheapside, E.C.2.

PURE SILK frocks are not extravagant now . . . tell Mother

Pure Silk is the prettiest and loveliest of all fabrics. 'Japshan' British Pure Silk is the most hardwearing and washable of all silks. That is why Mother can give your play frocks and party frocks the beauty of Pure Silk without being extravagant. Repeat the name to Mother . . . 'Japshan' British Pure Silk . . . it is her safeguard that your garments will resist the hardest wear and many tubbings. 'Japshan' is 100% Pure and is woven especially to withstand little girls' and boys' hard wear.



Genuine 'Japshan' Pure Silk is now made in four grades: Standard (blue label), Heavy (green label), Extra Heavy (yellow label), and Super (red label).

A FEW PRICE EXAMPLES:
Cream or Natural 4/11
29 ins. wide

Smart woven stripes and checks, ivory & pastel shades, 29 ins. wide 5/9

Natural or Cream, 36 ins. wide 6/6

Plain colours, ivory, latest checks and stripes, 36 ins. wide 6/11

Also 'Japshan' in wider widths at proportionate prices. Full 'Japshan' Price List on request.



JAPSHAN

(Registered Trade Mark)

BRITISH PURE SILK

From first-class Drapers and Stores.

ASK MOTHER TO INSIST UPON SEEING THE NAME 'JAPSHAN' ON DETACHABLE SELVEDGE LABELS. It is not genuine otherwise, and is not sold in the marketplace. If any difficulty in obtaining genuine 'Japshan' Pure Silk, please write for name of suitable retailer to Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (suppliers to Trade only), 893, Victoria House, Old Change, London, E.C.4



Liberty Bodice

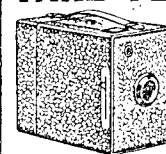
(Knitted Fabric)

YOU can see her growing every day—growing healthy, strong and graceful, and you can see how the 'Liberty' Bodice helps. FLEXIBLE—It leaves her young body free to move joyously. The gentle support prevents undue fatigue. POROUS—it graduates cooling after exercise. The soft shoulder straps take the pull of suspenders. SNUG, comfy and long wearing the 'Liberty' Bodice is ideal for growing girls, small boys and girls and sports women.

FREE GIFT.—Send us two paper coupons from recently purchased 'Liberty' Bodices, with name and address of a friend not a 'Liberty' Bodice wearer, and receive a charming skipping rope with bells. Ask your draper to show you the Liberty Bodice Combie. It has all the qualities of its famous twin and it is expressly designed for those who prefer the perfect combination.

Dept. 56, Libertyland, Market Harborough.

TAKE PERFECT PHOTOS.



THIS CAMERA, size 3½" x 2½".

Fitted with { Meniscus Lens, Instantaneous Shutter, Viewfinder. Complete with { Plate, Printing Paper, Chemicals, and full instructions.

ONLY 2/-. Post 3d.

A. NEAL & CO., 129, Ravenor Park Road, Greenford.

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

Read by more whole families than any other Magazine in the world

This wonderful magazine, which is the monthly companion of the Children's Newspaper, is a treasury of captivating articles, photographs from every part of the world, and exquisite pictures. Here are some of the articles appearing in the May issue, which is now on sale everywhere.

A Little Cross-Examination of Sir Arthur Keith
Turning a Nation Upside Down

The Man Who Began the Channel Tunnel

The Simple Annals of a Hard-Working Beaver
The Scientist's ABC

Shakespeare's Tree

Where Is Shelley's Heart?

Whatever your age MY MAGAZINE will delight you. Children love it and parents cannot lay the magazine aside without reading it from cover to cover, for it is unique in value and outlook. It deals with all the things that really matter in this world in a manner so simple that all can understand.

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

One Shilling

Sturdy Babes are reared on
Mellin's Food
THE FOOD THAT FEEDS

FREE SAMPLE

A Free Sample will be sent to applicants who send this advertisement, stating Baby's age to Mellin's Food Ltd., Dept. J/151, London, S.E. 15.

Obtainable of all Chemists.

If it's
CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-. or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 27, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

Dividing the Money

A MAN left £70 to be divided between his four sons, Tom, Jack, Harry, and Dick, so that Jack got twice as much as Tom; Harry got as much as Tom and a quarter of Jack's; and Dick got as much as the half of Tom's, the half of Jack's, and two-thirds of Harry's. What did each get?

Answer next week

What Shakespeare Meant

IN A Midsummer Night's Dream occurs the phrase "Skim milk and sometimes labour in the quern." A quern was a handmill made of two flat stones and used for grinding corn.

"They conveyed me in a buck-basket," we read in The Merry Wives of Windsor. A buck-basket was a linen-basket, and obtained its name from buck, the liquid used in washing the linen.

"I know a hawk from a hand-saw" is a well-known line in Hamlet. The word handsaw here means a heron, and is a corrupted form of the old name hern-shaw.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

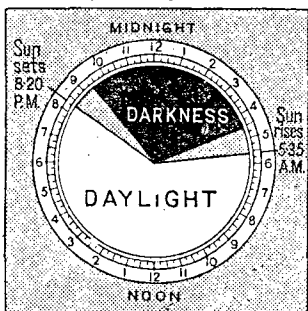
THE young redbreasts, rooks, and song thrushes are fledged. The ringdove and chaffinch hatch out their eggs. The house martin and yellow wagtail are first seen. The large tortoiseshell butterfly and mullein and lime hawk-moths are seen. The barberry, germander speedwell, maple, sycamore, cuckoo-pint, lilac, London pride, medlar, horse-chestnut, bugle, and herb robert are in flower.

A Beheaded Word

WHEN I am complete a Churchman I name,
Beheaded, I mean to recite;
Beheaded again, I am flushed with success;
Once more, and I'm far in the night.
Decapitate now, I tell you I dined;
Curtailed, a preposition in sight.

Answer next week

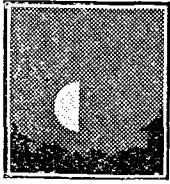
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the West, Mars is in the South - West, and Neptune is in the South. In the morning Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on May 2.



The Wireless Accumulator

ALWAYS keep the top of your wireless accumulator clean, for dirt may cause a short-circuit between the terminals. Do not allow moisture to collect on it, and be sure to dust it occasionally. After the dust has been removed wipe every part of the top very carefully with a dry cloth and then with another cloth moistened with ordinary household ammonia.

Ici On Parle Français



La serviette Le fouet Le mur
Dépliez la serviette de toilette.
L'usage du fouet est très cruel.
Qu'y a-t-il donc derrière ce mur?

What Am I?

My first is in snow but not in frost,
My second is in seek but not in lost,
My third is in swim but not in float,
My fourth is in ship but not in boat,
My fifth is in up but not in down,
My sixth is in coat but not in gown,
My seventh is in shape but not in form,
My eighth is in gale but not in storm,
My ninth is in grass but not in hay,
My whole brings the news to you day by day.

Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns. The four weeks up to March 30, 1929, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1929	BIRTHS 1928	DEATHS 1929	DEATHS 1928
London	6144	5943	7628	5151
Glasgow	1828	1882	1558	1503
Edinburgh	577	585	546	509
Nottingham	386	348	601	300
Bradford	365	330	740	332
Cardiff	349	334	361	245
Sunderland	340	263	491	198
Bolton	210	195	352	235
Brighton	155	177	300	181
Ipswich	134	118	128	105
Oxford	108	91	125	64
Exeter	84	71	97	65

Hidden Flowers

MAKE the names of eight well-known flowers by filling in the missing consonants:

*E*A*IU* AU**E*IA
*U**IA* *U**O*E*
*A**O*I* *IO*E*
*O****O** **O**O*

Answer next week

Do You Live at Alresford?

THIS name probably means "the ford of the alder tree," a reference no doubt to some ford which was much used and near which grew one or more alder trees.

A Charade

MY first means to throw,
As soon you will know,
If rightly the answer you guess;
An article next
Will add to the text,
To unravel this mystical dress.

Then close to them place,
With right comely grace,
What fishermen use when at sea;
My whole has oft been
Used when dancing, I ween,
As must be well known unto thee.

Answer next week

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Bankrupt. This is an interesting word from which we learn something of the customs of the past. A bank was originally a mound of earth; then it came to mean a bench, and as money-changers and financiers sat on benches to transact their business they were called bankers.

When a banker failed in business and was unable to pay his debts he was no longer allowed to pursue his calling, and the bench on which he had done his business was broken up as a sign that he should not continue. The Latin word for broken is *rupus*, and a defaulting banker was known as a bankrupt, a man whose bench had been broken up.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

MEDDLE FASHION
AND AMOUNTERE
NT SWIMS YEET
ERRANT SCARE
AIL SS RESENT
AN TO PLEAT TO
ICE VIOLAS HAS
REMNANT MEDALS

A Hidden Flower

PEar, sPRing, sWing, lINK,
malLET.

What Am I? A Diagonal Acrostic
Ceiling Sunshine
aNnounce

Word Square
HEART
ENTER
ATONE
RENTS
TRESS

Sunshine
aNnounce
trOubled
craWling
dreaDful
appeaRed
relatiOn
transhIP

Dr. MERRYMAN

A Good Beginning

THE would-be M.P. was not feeling very happy.

"I don't think my meeting last night was of a success," he said.
"But, dear," said his wife, "think of the wonderful audience you had to begin with."

The Editor's Regrets

THE Poet called on the Editor. "A short time ago you rejected some of my poems," said the Poet. "And, according to the covering note, you did so with regret."

"That is so," replied the Editor. "Well, here are some more," said the Poet. "And take my advice and never do a thing which you will afterwards regret."

A Mystery



REMARKED Marmaduke Mouse
When the Swiss cheese he stole,
"Although it seems heavy
Quite half of it's hole!"

Forgot to Remember

MR. SMITH's fellow-travellers on the 8.49 noticed a piece of tape tied to one of his fingers.
"What's the tape for, Smith?" asked Mr. Brown.

"My wife put it there to remind me to post her letters," he replied.
"And haven't you done so?"
"No," said Smith. "You see, she forgot to give them to me."

Very Dangerous

A CHAMOIS while taking a leap tumbled down an abyss that was deep.
When he reached level ground, He looked crossly around,
And remarked that the Alps were too steep.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

AN inquisitive person was boring a famous flying-man with numerous questions.

"And supposing," said the bore, "that your parachute failed to open when you jumped from the plane. What would you do?"

"Oh," replied the airman, "I should take it back and change it."

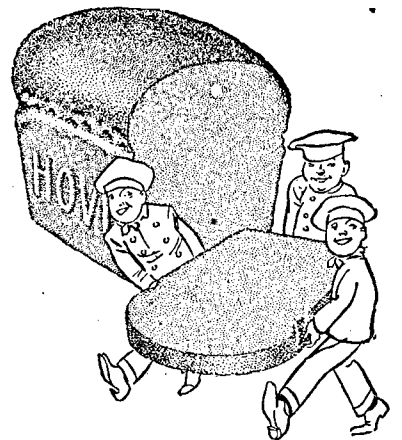


YOU'LL LIKE TOFFEE MARZI

Everybody likes it—mum, dad and all the children—it's something different, not 'actly toffee or marzi, but a blend of the two—such a delicious flavour.

4 ozs. 4d.

From all Confectioners and Stores.



The Children's Choice

HOVIS provides vital nourishment for building sturdy young bodies and growing frames. Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them.

HOVIS

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON. BRISTOL. MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

WHO WAS HE?

ONE of the most interesting and valuable ways of finding out what the world was like long ago is by digging deep in lands that were great and populous when Britain was uncivilised and unknown. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, and Italians have been engaged in this kind of work, and all who began this discovery of buried history ought to be remembered thankfully.

One of the first of the English diggers began his exploration in a curious way. As a boy and youth he had been educated in several countries and loved travel. When he was 22 he started on a journey to Ceylon, where his father was in the

Civil Service, but instead of going by sea he went by land, across Europe, through Asia Minor to Persia and to the country now called Iraq, or Mesopotamia. He never reached Ceylon. In Iraq, not far from the town of Mosul, he came upon a Frenchman digging down to the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. He was fascinated by what he saw, and after a time he returned to Constantinople.

He had then been travelling three years, and what he had seen interested the British Ambassador to Turkey, Sir Stratford Canning. The ambassador sent him back to Iraq, at his own expense, to dig for Nineveh, and what he found was so important

that after a time the British Museum, assisted by the British Government, paid the expenses of his work, and eventually he sent back to England many of the fine Assyrian sculptures that may be seen today in the museum.

The books he wrote about his work interested all students of history, and a second digging expedition was described and pictured in further books. Then he became a member of Parliament, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and after he had retired from Parliament he represented Great Britain first at Madrid and then at Constantinople. So he was ambassador at the very place where, as a poor traveller,

he had been befriended by a former ambassador.

Though he won his way to high positions this energetic man is best known as a pioneer in excavation. The methods of digging and preserving what is unearthed are now much improved. Also inscriptions are better read. The early excavators

made mistakes in their sites that are not made today. But we ought to honour those who led the way, as the Museum sculptures show. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

